

THE SATURDAY

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EVENING POST

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

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"MY DEARLING." A VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

"My Darling!"—thou, in days long fled,
In spite of creed, and court, and queen,
King Henry wrote to Anne Boleyn—
The dearest pen name ever said,
And dearly purchased, too, I ween!

Poor child! she played a losing game—
She won a heart—so Henry said—
But ah, the price she gave instead!
Men's hearts, at best, are but a name—
She paid for Henry's with her head!

You count men's hearts as something worth?
Not I: were I a maid unweaned,
I'd rather have my own fair head
Than all the lovers on the earth,
Than all the hearts that ever bled!

"My Darling!" with a love most true,
Having no fear of creed or queen,
I breathe that name my prayers between—
But it shall never bring to you
The hapless fate of Anne Boleyn!
Feb. 14, 1859.

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

THE NEWS IN PHILADELPHIA.

There were anxious hearts in Philadelphia on the day of the battle. All work was suspended, and knots of men were gathered at the corners discussing the probable result of the engagement.

The firing could occasionally be heard, like the low muttering of distant thunder through the afternoon. The suspense grew almost unendurable, and its pressure was beginning to show itself in loud and angry talking among the squads which were collected in the streets, when one party who were in the neighborhood of the old Indian Queen Tavern in Fourth street were startled by the appearance of a single horseman, who turned into the street from Chestnut street, and came flying up to the tavern at the full speed of his horse. He checked him as he reached the door, and half sprang, half tumbled to the ground. It was Jim O'Brien. His face was pale and haggard, his dress was disordered; his left sleeve was stained with blood; and the sides of his gray horse were streaked with blood which had been drawn by his furious spurring, and which was creeping down through the white foam with which the powerful beast's flanks and belly were lathered in ghastly contrast.

Jim staggered as he touched the ground, and would have fallen backwards had not one of the men, who had crowded around him, caught his left arm. He winced under the gripe, and exclaimed,

"Tother arm, if you please."
The man let go, and passed his arm around his body just in time; for Jim leaned backwards more heavily, his knees bent under him, and his supporter, feeling him slipping downwards, looked into his face, and spoke sharply and suddenly to those around:

"Stand back! Give him air: he's fainted." As usual everybody crowded around more closely than ever.

"Stand clear, I tell you!" said the burly blacksmith, for such he was, who had, by this time, raised Jim in his arms. "Stand away, and let me into the house with him; don't you see he's fainted?"

And the stalwart artisan strode forward, carrying him like a child, shouldering his way, treading with his ponderous feet and clouted shoes on the toes of all who obstructed his march, until he reached the bar-room, and laid his burden at length upon a settee.

Water was brought and plentifully sprinkled upon his face, his collar was loosed, and after all the disturbance that seems to be essential to the proper management of such cases, Jim opened his eyes, stared about him for a moment, and then sat up.

"What's the matter?" said he, confusedly, "anybody hurt? Where's my—oh! I know now. Help me off with my coat somebody."

The blacksmith helped him draw his arm from the right sleeve as tenderly as a woman. When he took hold of the left sleeve Jim winced again, and set his teeth, and sucked his breath in through them with that sudden hissing sound which betokens intense pain.

"We must cut the sleeve," said the blacksmith. "Who has a pair of scissors?"

"Here they are," said the landlady, who had hurried into the room as soon as she heard that somebody had been taken sick, "here are mine; poor dear, how pale he looks;" and advancing to the settee, she took the scissors which were dangling by a steel chain from her waist, and applying them gently and cautiously, cut down the shoulder and sleeve, laying the coat and shirt entirely open.

The cause of Jim's fainting, of which he looked very unnecessarily ashamed, was at once apparent. Both coat and shirt sleeve, as well as the side of his waistcoat and the shirt

under it, were completely saturated with blood; and on the fleshy part of the arm, just below the shoulder joint, was a ragged, blood-encircled puncture, which a moment's examination showed was clear through the arm.

"Why, he's wounded," said the landlady: "are you from the battle?"

"Yes," said Jim, faintly, for he was very weak, "give me some whiskey to stiffen me up, and I'll tell you the news."

"Is it safe for him to take whiskey, doctor?" asked the blacksmith, of a quiet, grave-looking man, dressed in Quaker costume, who had just come in.

"Let me see him," said he; "ah! an ugly hole this: how did this come by it?"

"It's a bagshot stab," said Jim.

"He's just come out of a wound, doctor," said one of the men who surrounded him; "he's lost a great deal of blood, and would have dropped in the street if Larkin here hadn't caught him and carried him in."

The doctor stood feeling Jim's pulse, and watching his face with a calm, grave look, for some time.

"Let him have some wine," he said, at length, "and get some bandages; this arm must be looked to."

The wine was instantly brought, and the landlady having gently washed the clotted blood from the wound, the physician applied the bandages; a pillow was brought for the patient to rest upon, and he lay down, with a long sigh of comfort.

"Does this feel able to talk a little?" asked the doctor; "if these feel too weak, these had better lie still awhile first."

"Thank you," said Jim, "I feel weak enough to be sure, but I can talk enough to tell all I have to say."

He then began, talking in a low, subdued tone, speaking slowly, and frequently stopping for breath, in remarkable contrast to the glib rattling way in which he had delivered himself of his speech on the porch rail of the tavern at Kennett, a few days before.

"I've rode straight from Brandywine," said he, "as fast as my horse would bring me, to carry bad news; we're whipped, root and branch!"

"Do you mean the Americans by 'we'?" inquired one of the bystanders.

"Do I mean the Amer—Who are you?" said Jim. "Who the d—l else do you think I mean? Tory, I s'pose? Don't make me say things over twice: I've got no breath to spare. Well, we began at Chad's Ford and worked on up to Brimingham's Mill, and there we had it hot and heavy. The line broke on the right where Dehorre commanded, and went on giving way till the whole army was disordered. I heard General Washington say all was lost, and give the order to retreat; then, thinks I to myself, I can't be any more use here, so I'll push for Philadelphia, and give 'em notice, and put up the country. By jing! I found the country was pretty completely, so I rode straight on till I got here; and anybody that don't want to make friends with the red-coats, had better clear out, for they'll be here as sure as shooting!"

"This is bad news, indeed, friend," said the doctor; "does this know whether there was much slaughter?"

"Don't know," said Jim, "I couldn't see far around through the smoke, but I know they were lying pretty thick around where I was, near the graveyard wall."

"How did this get wounded?" asked the doctor, who seemed to be tacitly appointed spokesman for the party.

"Got it from a grannys' bagshot, as they charged over the graveyard wall," said Jim; "we had hard fightin' there for a while, but they were too many for us."

"What did you do when he stuck it through your arm?" inquired another of the party, curiously.

"Pulled myself off, twisted the gun out of his hands, and smashed his skull with the butt of it," said Jim, pitifully; "I didn't feel it much then—I was too mad. We had to run for it; so, as soon as I could get out of the crowd, I caught a loose horse and came on. For the last ten miles it was as much as I could do to stick in the saddle."

"I should imagine so," said the physician, dryly, "with that leak in thy shoulder. Has thee any more to tell, for I want thee to get to bed and be as quiet as possible, so that I can manage the fever that I perceive is coming on."

"No," said Jim, languidly, for he was growing faint again, with the exertion of talking; "I don't know as I've any more; I feel mighty dandy; I shouldn't wonder if I was going to make a die of it," he added, raising his head and looking dreamily around at the faces which were becoming misty and indistinct to his vision; and his head fell back again and he lay motionless.

"He's dead! Oh! he's dead!" exclaimed the landlady; and the good tender-hearted soul burst into tears, and wrung her hands.

"Dead!" exclaimed the blacksmith, and the word was echoed sorrowfully by all the group; "poor fellow! friends, we were wrong in making him talk so much now, instead of waiting till he was rested."

The doctor had stood close by him, and had been all the time watching him intently; he was now standing with his hand upon Jim's pulse, and the blacksmith spoke, he looked around and said quietly,

"He is not dead; nor at all near it, from this wound at least, he has only swooned; and he must be put into bed at once, and kept as quiet as possible for a few days; he has lost too much blood and is too weak to be trifled

with; has thee a room he can be taken to, Mary?" he inquired of the landlady.

"Sure," answered she, eagerly, "he shall have the best room in the house."

"Very well," said the doctor, "the sooner he is taken to it the better;" and, finding that Jim was reviving under the restoratives he had been busily applying while speaking, he gave directions for his treatment, and took his leave, saying he would call again in the morning.

The blacksmith stooped over Jim, and raising him in his strong arms as if he had been an infant, carried him softly and tenderly upstairs and placed him in the bed, leaving him to the care of the landlady, while he returned to the bar room.

"Does anybody know his name?" he asked, as he entered the room again, "he is a stranger to me."

Nobody knew, and nobody had thought of inquiring, being all too much occupied with his situation, and with the news he brought.

That news was matter for serious consideration; the evil they had feared, was close upon them; they had heard stories, exaggerated, it is true, but still with far too much foundation, of the coarse brutality of the Hessians in particular, and of the reckless license of the soldiery generally. They had good reason to dread the effects of their occupying the city, as the following winter supply showed. After some further conversation, they dispersed, some to their homes to make ready to remove their families at a moment's warning, others to go from street to street, and from tavern to tavern, to spread the sorrowful news. None thought of resistance, and there was a general feeling throughout the city, that the war was at an end.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEARCH.

After accompanying the retreat of the army for some distance down the Wilmington Road, hurrying from party to party, and from squadron to squadron, in search of the Squire, but without success, Roney, for reasons I shall state hereafter, was confirmed in the opinion that his companion had been killed or wounded. As it was impossible to ascertain whether the latter was the case, at that time, he detached himself from the flying army and struck directly across the country for Thornbury, as fast as his weary horse could carry him. Freckles had done good service that day, and had fully borne out the reputation that horses of his color have for spirit and endurance. He had ridden hard in the morning before the battle, and during the severe fighting near the Meeting House, and had begun to show signs of distress. He did not flag, however, and cleared the first fence at which his master pushed him, as bravely as if he had just left the stable. But he was evidently laboring as he rose the slope in the meadow beyond, and he galloped much more heavily than usual, and once or twice blundered and nearly fell, on the smooth sod, a thing he had never done before. Roney saw that he was failing, and slackened his pace to a brisk canter, at which he kept steadily, for some time; but Roney, though as light and skilful a rider as Dick Turpin himself, soon saw that Freckles could not carry him far; that no horse that ever was foaled could stand the ride he had in view, after the tremendous labor he had previously performed. He accordingly headed him towards the house of a farmer in the neighborhood, a staunch Whig, with whom he was acquainted, hoping that he might be able to leave Freckles in his care, and procure a fresh horse.

By the time he reached the house, his gallant roan was completely exhausted, and when Roney dismounted, stood for a minute, while his master was hastily removing the saddle, with his sides heaving, and trembling violently, then suddenly staggered forward and fell to his knees, and then rolled over on his side and lay gasping. Roney got a bucket of water from the pump, and taking off the bridle, washed out his mouth, and busied himself in trying to revive him. He was to much occupied, that he did not see the farmer's wife, whose attention had been attracted by his stopping before the house, and who was now standing behind him, unwilling so to disturb him, and waiting patiently until he should look up.

Roney was fortunately provided with a canteen of brandy, with which he lathered the horse's mouth and rubbed him vigorously, so long as it lasted. In short, Freckles was soon on his feet again, though in no condition for travel, and as his master looked around for some one who might take charge of him, and furnish him with the fresh horse he needed, he saw the farmer's wife. She had not recognized him at all, and started at the well known voice which came from the dusty figure and smoke-begrimed face, as he addressed her.

"Why, Roney Baldwin, is that thee?" I thought it was somebody from the battle, and I kind o' thought I knew thy creator when he stopped; but I had no thought of seeing thee. Come in and rest thyself, and tell me what has happened."

"Much obliged, Hannah, but I can't stay. I found my horse couldn't carry me home, and came this way to see if I could borrow one of yours. Is James at home?"

"No," said Hannah, "he isn't; he rode out towards Birmingham two hours ago, to see the battle, and hasn't got back yet. There's welcome to a horse, but he has the only one we have at home—so thee will have to wait 'till

he gets back. He said he wouldn't be gone long, and I'm looking for him every minute. Thee had better put up thy horse, and come into the house."

As this seemed to be about the best advice that could be given, under the circumstances, Roney asked upon it at once, and after rubbing down his horse, and taking advantage of the pump in the barn-yard to wash the dust and smoke from his face, returned to the house, a much more civilized looking being. When he entered the house, he found the table spread out, and the hospitable Hannah sitting at its head.

"There, Roney," said she, "I knew thee must be hungry after such hot work as thee's been through. Now reach to and help thyself, and while thee's eating, thee can tell me something about the battle."

Roney, whose appetite, sharpened by a tolerable fast and hard exercise, was becoming clamorous, seated himself at the table, and, while the news he had just brought, as well as his being between the mouthfuls he was rapidly dispatching.

"Now, Roney," said Hannah, "tell me what a battle's like."

"Like a big noise covered up in a cloud of smoke," said Roney, laconically, having his mouth full of apple-pie at the moment.

And I don't know but it was as nearly correct as some longer comparisons I have read. It was a rather curt answer, considering that the good soul was doing her best to entertain him, and had been at some trouble to get the food ready for him, but he was anxious and worried about the Squire's fate, and was chafing at the delay; besides he was jaded and weary, and men under such circumstances, are not often what is called "good company." Hannah bore it very quietly, for she was good-natured and not easily rebuffed, and Roney himself, saw his impropriety in a moment.

"I didn't mean to be short, Hannah," said he, apologetically; "but I am bothered, and out of sorts. I am afraid Squire Chandler's killed, and I'm in a hurry to see his brother and tell him, so that we may go and search the field over, and find him, if it can be done."

"Well, never mind, Roney," said she, "I think thee's very excusable."

"To tell the truth," continued Roney, "a battle's such a hurry-burry, such a muddled affair, that no man in it can tell much about what anybody but himself is doing. Just now, it is more like a dream to me than anything else."

"Well, I won't worry thee now," said the kind-hearted woman; "maybe thee can tell me more some other time; for I really feel a great curiosity to hear about one from somebody that has been in one himself. But here comes James," she exclaimed, looking out of the window, and then opening the door as an elderly farmer came up the porch steps.

"James, here's Roney Baldwin, just come from Brandywine; his horse gave out at the door, and he wants to borrow Bob to go on to Thornbury; he thinks Squire Chandler's killed, and is in a hurry to carry word to his brother."

"Squire Chandler killed!" exclaimed the farmer, who had by this time entered the room; "that will be sorrowful news to take home to Molly. What makes thee think so, Roney?"

"I saw him, or somebody that looked like him, as well as I could judge through the smoke, go down in the crowd, not far from where I was; I couldn't get to him to see, for just then I was forced in the opposite direction, with the party I was with, but can you lend me a horse? I am in a great hurry to get on."

"To be sure," said the farmer; "thee can take Bob; he is fresh enough to carry thee that far. Where is thy own horse?"

"I put him in the stable," answered Roney, "he was dead down, and tumbled with me, right opposite the door; I think he'll be well enough, however, after a little rest."

"Well, I don't want to hurry thee, but it is getting dark, and if thee must go on, I think the sooner thee is on the road the better."

"So do I," said Roney, rising; "I am obliged to you, Hannah, for your kindness; you don't know how much better I feel for it; good-bye."

"Farewell, Roney," said Hannah (you never hear a Quaker say good-bye), "thee's quite welcome. I wish thee had lighter news to carry."

"I wish so myself, with all my heart," said Roney, "for my own sake and William Willson's, as well as the family's."

After taking a look at Freckles, who was quietly feeding, Roney then mounted Bob, who was a stout, servicable farm-horse, very different from the greyhound built Freckles, and touched him with the spur; a proceeding at which Bob, to whom it was entirely new, expressed his amazement by an angry snort and an extraordinary flourish of his tail and straddling fling of his hind legs, and then set off at a heavy gallop.

Nothing worth noting occurred during the remainder of the journey, and Roney soon arrived at the house of Joseph Chandler, a brother of the Squire, and, entering without ceremony, told him the heavy news.

Joseph, like his brother Richard, was a royalist in principle, but took no active part in the war; he was warmly attached to the Squire, however, notwithstanding the radical difference in their sentiments, and was at first completely overcome by the shock. He covered his bowed face with his hands, and struggled to recover his composure, while his wife, dropping her knitting into her lap, bent her head down upon

the table, where she was sitting, and wept silently.

"My brother! my poor, misguided brother!" said Joseph, at last; "I was afraid it would come to this! He was always so rash and headstrong; and now he is killed! Oh, this terrible war! If it would only take off the scum of the country, I could see some good in it; but when it takes men like Thomas Chandler—how shall I tell the news to Molly? It will break her heart! Oh, it's bitter, bitter! Did you see him killed, Roney?"

Roney told him, substantially, what I have already related, with regard to seeing him fall, stating more particularly, however, that he had seen a British trooper fire a pistol at him the instant before he fell.

"And what did you do, Roney Baldwin, when you saw my brother and your friend murdered?" exclaimed Chandler, severely.

"The man who did it will never fire another shot," answered Roney, calmly. "I couldn't reach him, as I told you, but my pistol ball did, and I saw him go backwards over his horse's rump."

"I beg your pardon, Roney," said Joseph, grasping his hand, warmly; "I might have known it. It was wrong for me to feel revengeful about it," added he, unsmilingly; "but I couldn't help it. Now, what had better be done? Had I better go over at once to see Molly? She ought to know it."

"I wouldn't go yet," said Roney; "I think it would be better for you and me to start for Birmingham by daylight, and make sure of the matter before we distress her. I may possibly have been mistaken in the man, though I am afraid not."

"Yes," answered Joseph, "that would be the best plan, if you think there is any possibility of your being mistaken. I hope you are."

Having decided to wait till morning, the rest of the evening, until bed time, was passed in conversation about the battle, Roney describing what he had seen of it, his separation from the Squire on the road, his meeting him again at the Meeting House, the desperate fighting around it, and the final retreat of the patriot army, saying little, however, of his own personal achievements, except as they were drawn from him by questions.

When the morning came, part of the last night's plan was reconsidered. It was determined to go first to the Squire's house and see whether anything had been heard of him, and if not, to take his wife with them in order the better to identify the body if it should be found.

They accordingly rode over in the first gray of the morning, and found Molly about her household duties. She bade them be seated, and began at once to inquire of Roney for news of her husband. She had not seen him, nor heard from him since the morning before, and knowing there had been a battle, she was anxious to know more.

Joseph broke the news he had brought as tenderly as possible, exhorting her to firmness under the trial, and was going on to state their plan of searching for the body, when she interrupted him by saying, with a tranquillity at which he was somewhat surprised,

"I don't think there will be much use in that, Joseph."

"Why not, Molly? He ought to have decent burial."

"I don't think he needs it," said she quietly; "unless I'm very much mistaken he was here last night after midnight."

"What makes you think so?" exclaimed both the men in a breath.

"Because I found the mare in the stall this morning, and the black horse gone. It must have been after midnight, for I know I didn't get to sleep 'till towards morning."

The two men hurried to the barn, and sure enough there was the mare; she had been hastily put in, reeking with sweat, and her usually glossy coat was rough and disordered, and stood sadly in need of the curry-comb; she had evidently been put away by some one who had no time to lose, for her halter was not even on her, but she was standing loose in the stall.

It did not seem likely that any one else could have changed the horse, but, still no one had seen the Squire, and his brother felt as if he would be better satisfied after having given the battle-field a thorough search. His restless anxiety finally communicated itself to Mrs. Chandler, and in a few minutes more, they were on the road together, Molly riding on a pillion behind her brother-in-law.

Though Roney and Joseph Chandler were still unsatisfied as to the Squire's fate, their spirits were decidedly lightened by the appearance of things at his house; and they certainly had strong hopes that their search would prove unsuccessful.

As they passed along the Concord Road, and came opposite William Willson's house, they were hailed by the old man, who had seen them from the bank where he was standing, and who, when they stopped, in answer to his hail, came down to the road. He inquired eagerly about the battle, and looked very grave, as Roney in few words told him of the defeat of the Americans, and of the errand on which they were now going.

"Roney," he said, "thee was too conspicuous in the affair to make it safe for thee to go within reach of the British in the clothes thee wore yesterday; thee would most likely be known by some of the soldiers, and thee would be taken prisoner; thee must disguise thyself."

"No objection to that," said Roney, "if I had any disguise to put on."

"I will give thee what will answer the pur-

pose," answered the farmer. "Abram to show thee this. Sam, go into the house and bring me Abram's coat and hat."

"Which, massa?" said Sam, "de muslin ones?"

"Yes," said his master, "make haste." Sam started off, chuckling to himself, turning a corner or two on the way, and soliloquizing; "De laws! Mass' Roney gits a w'ar Quaker coat! Wonder if he'll put his pistol in de Quaker pockets? An' Mass' Ab'm's new beaver hat!" And Sam gave a long whistle, and relieved his overcharged feelings by turning upside down and walking to the door on his hands.

The clothes were soon produced, and Roney, divesting himself of his hat and coat, put on those which Sam had brought, taking care to shift his pistol, which the capacious pockets were amply sufficient to conceal.

"Don't thee disgrace thyself by showing or using those things, Roney," said the farmer, "and don't sit in the saddle so much like a trooper; thy coat will betray thee if thee don't take care; slouch a little. What horse is that thee's got?"

"It's James Hammond's," answered Roney; "Freckles gave out, and I borrowed this one to come on with last night. He's a spunky beast; look at him!" and he touched him suddenly with the spur two or three times, producing a series of most extraordinary flourishes and gambols by the amazed and indignant Bob, who finally started off in a hard gallop down the road after Joseph and his companion who had ridden on in advance.

He overtook them in a few minutes, and the party then trotted quietly along, until they reached James Hammond's, where they stopped a few minutes, while Roney shifted the saddle to the back of his own horse, which was now as fresh as ever, and showed no ill effects from the fatigue of the previous day.

The gallant roan whinnied as Roney went up to him, and rubbed his head against him like a dog; and when his master mounted he neighed and pricked up his ears, and stood pawing with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, as though he remembered the stirring work he had gone through the day before, and was anxious to be at it again.

Hannah, who, with her husband, had been informed of the probability that the Squire had escaped, offered some comforting remarks to Mrs. Chandler, which were to be understood conditionally, and to take effect only in case the body should be found.

As they approached the field the marks of the battle became painfully evident in the trodden ground, the prostrate fences, smoldering heaps of furniture which the ruffianly soldiers had wantonly taken from the farm-houses, and broken up to cook their suppers with after the battle, and beds ripped open and partly burned, with the feathers scattered about on the wet ground, in the merest spirit of wanton destruction. Mrs. Chandler was a careful housekeeper, and I don't know whether this exhibition of reckless wastefulness did not affect her nearly as much as the sight of the dead bodies which were still lying exposed, there having been no time to bury them; not that she was wanting in feeling, but the death that was all around her was something so unusual, so entirely out of the way, so terrible, that her mind, preoccupied with her husband's fate, failed to grasp it; for it is a fact, that when the mind is occupied with some absorbing interest, it will, at the same time, mechanically, as it were, take note of little passing matters which lie in the track of its every day routine, while those out of this track, though of much greater importance, will, at the moment, make no apparent impression.

They were stopped by a sentinel. Joseph Chandler explained their errand, and after waiting till he was relieved, they passed within the lines and on to the Meeting House under his charge. The scene in front of the graveyard wall was sickening; but similar scenes have been so often described, that I will pass it by.

As they drew near the wall, Joseph Chandler inquired of Roney where he had seen the person he mentioned.

"Over there, just beyond the corner of the graveyard," said Roney, pointing to a confused heap of bodies which lay a short distance from the northeastern angle of the wall.

Joseph had spoken in a low tone, and Roney had answered in the same way; so that the soldier had not caught the words; but there was something about his gesture, coming in answer to the question, which seemed to indicate some previous knowledge of the spot, in connection with that heap of corpses. Then his horse seemed very unlike a stall farm beast, such as the very meek young friend Roney then appeared to be, would be apt to ride. Some vague, half-defined suspicion that he had seen that horse and rider before, was dawning upon his mind; but it was so very vague and misty, and being an English soldier, he was so exquisitely trained to his work, after the fashion of that day, that he never presumed to have even a distinct thought, when on duty, unless he was ordered to have it, that twenty-fold steadily, looking now at Roney, now at Freckles, but giving himself no trouble about verifying suspicions which were not included in his orders. Roney and Joseph dismounted, and, leaving Molly on the pillion, approached the heap of bodies, turning them over and removing them carefully and tenderly. Joseph at last uttered a sudden exclamation. He had expected to view a body which, in general appearance, was certainly marvellously like his brother. It had the same square, powerful

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are:

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., Mary Howitt, author of *Richardson*, *Grace Greenwood*, *Old Dominion*, *Dr. Florence Percy*, *T. A. Arthur*, *Maria Russell*, *Emma Alice Browne*, *Mrs. M. A. Benson*, *Author of "Letters from Paris,"* *Author of "My Last Cruise,"* &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA CULLEN, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Tale of Two Cities," the AUTHOR of "The Red Rover," &c., &c., &c.—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course increases a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, who write expressly for our columns, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novel the sum of

\$1,000.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES BY MARY HOWITT. A NOVELLET BY T. A. ARTHUR, Esq. "CITY RIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A SERMON, BY GRACE GREENWOOD. LETTERS FROM PARIS, A SERIES, BY —. POEMS FROM FLORENCE PERCY. POEMS FROM EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

CITY RAILROADS.

It is to be regretted that the legislators of the great State of Pennsylvania, assembled at Harrisburg, should be compelled to devote so much of their time and attention—to say nothing of their temper—to such an apparently trifling matter as the incorporation of companies to construct horse car railroads through the streets of Philadelphia. A recent letter from Harrisburg says:—

The excitement created by the rival passenger railroad projects has never been equalled, not even by the bill to sell the Main Line, or by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad scheme. The House has been in hot water for the past few days. Personalities of the most offensive character have been freely indulged in. The leaders of opposing factions behaved as if the most vital principle—or interest—was involved in the question as to which party would win the much coveted Fourth and Eighth Street road.

The great "excitement" described above—apparently so disproportionate to the importance of the question involved—is calculated rather to confirm than otherwise, the notion now unhappily so prevalent that money is unscrupulously used to affect the course of legislation. These city railroads have proved to be so lucrative, that rival companies would not scruple, it is supposed, to pay large sums for the purpose of securing what are considered to be advantageous routes. And persons who have little faith in the integrity of our representatives at Harrisburg, and the number of such is not small, would hardly scruple to compare the excitement at present prevailing among them, to that which is seen among a pack of hounds, when the fox is held up by the huntsman before their very noses.

And yet it were the easiest thing in the world, for the Legislature to put an end to all this excitement. These roads are laid through streets which have been donated, graded and otherwise prepared for the laying of the rails, by the citizens of Philadelphia. This being the case, our citizens have a right to demand that they shall be furnished with the facilities of travel on these roads, built on their own ground, and remunerating their own thorough fare, at as cheap a rate as possible. Now, it is evident that the present rate of five cents, will pay much more than a fair dividend on the capital invested in these city roads. This

having been proved to be the case, the charter of all companies heretofore incorporated, should contain a provision fixing three cents as the maximum charge for passengers. Such a provision, we think, would at once lessen the excitement relative to the coveted Fourth and Eighth Street route. Parties greedy of exorbitant gains, and who are now ready to squander money in all directions to secure a charter, would be speedily brought to their senses by such a provision. And yet we have little doubt that, even at three cents, a Fourth and Eighth Street line would pay a fair rate of interest; and the people of Philadelphia, to whom the streets belong, have a right to demand that no more than this should be exacted from them. We commend these considerations to the earnest attention, and speedy action, of our citizens.

LEGAL ARCHIVES.—Mr. B. F. Butler, a lawyer of Boston, is somewhat noted. It is said, for his severity in examining witnesses. A correspondent of the Century relates:—

"He was lately engaged in a legal case, in which Prof. Horsford of Cambridge, was one of the witnesses. When Butler came to cross-examine him, he began in his usual style of unceremonious ferocity. The Judge mildly interposed, and said perhaps Brother Butler didn't know who the witness was; it was Prof. Horsford—Professor of Harvard College. 'Oh, yes,' murmured Butler, as he leisurely stroked his chin, 'Prof. Horsford? Harvard Professor? Professor of Harvard College? Yes, we hang one of 'em tighter than this!'"

Very sarcastic, doubtless; and very impudent and abusive, too. It certainly does not raise Mr. Butler in our opinion, that he could be guilty of such an ungentlemanly allusion in a court of justice. A lawyer was knocked down in this city several years ago, for abusing his privileges in a somewhat similar manner—and the verdict of the community was, "serv'd him right." The lawyer talked of prosecution, but was glad to abandon the case, and cry "quits." Professor Horsford, if we are not misinformed, is a gentleman whose high character and unsullied life should have secured him from such an insult.

We observe that a recent number of the Historical Magazine, opens with several letters by Washington, hitherto unpublished. As the Historical Magazine does not puff and blazon this fact far and wide, probably not ten men will buy the number in question to read those letters. Some publishers would have advertised them, in startling capitals, from one end of the Union to the other, and sold thousands of copies thereof—for there are always thousands of silly mortals who suppose that the amount of cackling is necessarily in proportion to the size and quality of the egg. But the publisher of the Historical Magazine probably knows very well, that all that is important in the correspondence of Washington has been already published—and why should he go in for making more fools in the world than there are already?

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

BLIND. Audubon's is "the best work on American ornithology." He was not only a keen and patient observer, and devoted to the investigation of this subject, but a man of genius also. His descriptions are pictures, and his pictures the birds themselves.

P. S. K. The chances of getting into a situation as clerk or salesman, in this city, are not very good at present—the supply being considerably greater than the demand. Still you may have as good a chance of success as anybody else, for all we know. There is always room in every occupation, business or profession, however crowded, for those who possess more than the average ability to fulfill its duties. If a man can even stand on his head better and longer than anybody else, he may make a fortune out of his superiority in that respect. But the lot of mediocre people, in every occupation, is apt to be a hard one. They find it difficult to obtain situations, and difficult to keep them. The world, for this reason, would seem to be constructed by a hard taskmaster—one sternly impatient of ignorance and weakness and all kinds of inability. And yet the great end of the improvement of the race, individually and collectively, is doubtless best attained in this way—and thus we see wisdom and beneficence where, at first view, we had only seen an unmerciful harshness.

BLEND. You are right—cold cream should not be made of lard. It should be made of spermaceti, white wax, and almond oil. If any of our country readers wish to make it, to save themselves the trouble of buying, and the risk of getting an inferior article, we will tell them how to do so. Take half an ounce of spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, and three ounces of almond oil—also three ounces of rose water, or some other scent. Put the three in a basin, or other tin vessel, and then fuse them together by putting it into warm water. Upon being allowed to cool, you will have a good article of cold cream, better than either lard or tallow for chapped lips, hands, &c. They do say though, in some country places, that "two lip salve" is the best, or at least the most pleasant application for chapped lips—but we are inclined to think that the relief from its use is but temporary, and simply promissory of a desire for renewed applications. Beside however probably knows more upon this point than we can tell her.

A. T. S. We know no cure for near-sightedness, we wish we did. The plan proposed some years ago, of rubbing the eye, is more likely to injure than improve the sight. We have a friend who persevered in the practice for years, and he gives his judgment decisively against it. He says that decidedly more evil than good results therefrom. In fact the eye is such a delicate organ, that it is dangerous to tamper with it. It is not generally considered injurious to wear glasses—though some persons, like ourselves, cannot do so—but care must be taken that the glasses be not the least too "strong," as it is termed, for the eye. If they are not just right, they do but rather too weak than otherwise. As to the unpleasantness of being near-sighted, no one can tell as anything. You are constantly peering, and acquaintances without recognition, and thus affronting all who do not know your infirmity—and even in the case of those who do know it, they see you so plainly, and you seem to see them so plainly, that often they evidently do not more than half credit your excuse that you did not recognize them. The best plan that we know is to speak to everybody who dares even to glance towards you. This plan also has its dangers—for ladies sometimes resent a bow from one who they are certain has never been introduced to them, as a more piece of impertinence. It would be very unpleasant, moreover, to receive a message from some irascible

husband or lover—brothers, fortunately, are generally more reasonable—asking either an immediate apology, or a hostile meeting. On the whole, however, it is better to risk the chance of being considered forward and impudent by strangers, than of being regarded as cold and sniveling by your friends. Especially if you are running for any office—a dangerous position for a near-sighted man, for how is it possible that such an one should train this morning—getting up and breakfasting at the unearthly hour of five—being too frantic for my daughter to wait for the afternoon train. Never did a journey seem so insufferably tedious to me. The route at no season very interesting, or picturesque, looked doubly dull and flat in its winter dress, and we seemed to creep along with the slowness of an old-fashioned coach. But I suppose if I could have been flashed along the telegraph-wire, I should have found the journey none too brief. My wish would have out-run the lightning.

By the way, that same telegraph-wire was what kept me alive, hearty and tolerably jolly, during my unprecedented separation from my better self. It seemed a mighty feeder, thrust out by my heart, stretching back through the distance, and giving me daily assurance of the safety of my beloved little lady, not by sharp electric shocks, but in delicious thrills of joy and gratitude. Blessed be Morse and his seed forever! Yet it is a pity his beneficent invention should ever be perverted by mercenary editors and publishers, who set the lightning on the coast of delinquent contributors and vagrant correspondents—using the fire for the stealing of which Prometheus writhed under the beak of the vulture, and groined to the mocking gods, on Caucasus, to flash along the lines, a maddening cry for "copy."

On the afternoon of the day I wrote you from Columbus, we visited the Capitol and the Insane Asylum. The former is an immense structure, and is now nearly finished. It is built with the utmost solidity and massiveness, of a beautiful native stone, and would be very imposing, but for its site. It needs to stand on an eminence. Where it is, it seems too broad for its height, and has something of a squat appearance. The great staircase is built on the self-sustaining plan, like those at Girard College. I was told that doubts were for a time entertained for its safety, and to settle the point, several hundred of the state convicts were packed upon it, as closely as they could stand. Rather a cool proceeding I must say. It bore them up, however, heavy hearts, burdens of shame, race, and all—so should there ever be a sudden stampede of both houses of the Legislature, we may hope it will be equal to the emergency.

We visited both of the Honorable bodies—heard some good speaking—saw some able, intelligent, patriotic, honest looking men, and others who bore the stamp of politicians and demagogues by predestination, and who, I should say, unless arrested in their downward course by some signal interposition of Providence, are in imminent danger of being sent to Washington.

From the Capitol, we drove out to the Insane Asylum. The President of the Institution, Dr. Hille, received us most courteously, and conducted us over the entire establishment—giving us all the information we could desire, and more than we should have presumed to ask. In the first hall of the female department, we were met by a lady, who conversed with us very pleasantly and intelligently, and whom I took for one of the Matrons. She was, however, a patient—subject to quite violent attacks of frenzy—the Doctor told us. In the second hall, we saw, sitting on a sofa, two old ladies, of at least seventy, but smiling, nodding, and chattering in a pleasant halcyon of youth—enjoying a happy and harmless second girlhood. The Doctor asked them their ages. "About fifteen," said one—"Nigh on to seventeen," said the other.

At the Cleveland Asylum is a patient, a lady of middle life, under the happy spell of a similar illusion. She sits in an arm-chair, and rocks herself all day—smiling around her most complacently, and talking incessantly, telling the most amusing and enormous stories, of which she is ever the heroine. She crosses her tracks continually, yet when reminded of it, never shows the slightest confusion. To a visitor she once gave her age as eighteen, and soon after spoke of having a daughter married. "Why," said the lady, "that is rather a singular circumstance—so young, yet the mother of a daughter old enough to be married!" "Yes, ma'am," replied the romance, coolly rocking away, "it's not very common."

Every form of insanity that falls short of violent raving, was represented in this and the adjoining hall. One patient, a young and fine-looking woman, who had gone mad from the loss of a child, I believe, sat on the floor in an attitude of profound despair, a great mass of silky black hair falling on her shoulders, and shading her dark, still face—nature's mourning veil. Near her, prone upon the floor, with her face against the wall, lay a slight, girlish figure, still as death, but for a low, sob-like sigh, which now and then heaved her breast—the sullen, emboding swell of some mighty passion, or sorrow.

A blue-eyed little German woman came up to the Doctor, and in the most touching, sorrowful manner, begged to be let out, saying,—"I have packed my trunk—I am all ready—I now go home to my children." With that last word, her tender blue eyes filled with tears, and looked like the "Forget-me-nots" of her native land—dashed with dew. This poor young creature had lost God's highest gift of reason, in losing Reichenbach's sorry gift of a worthless, heartless husband, who had deserted her and her babes. Strange, the perverse, pertinacious constancy of woman's affection! Only the blind, humble, all-enduring faithfulness of dogs, and the divine charity of angels, can parallel it.

The Doctor took us to the only two cells then occupied, and we looked in for a moment on the wretched inmates—the two most unmanageable female patients. One of these, a fearful-looking creature, answering perfectly my idea of one possessed of a demon, went mad nearly two years ago, from giving way to a violent fit of passion, and has been raving and blaspheming ever since. I shall never forget her face—darkened and convulsed with fury—the purple lips flaming with blasphemies—the

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 25th, 1859.

Editor Saturday Evening Post.

DEAR SIR:—I left Columbus yesterday afternoon, stopped over night at the pleasant little city of Delaware, and came on by the six o'clock train this morning—getting up and breakfasting at the unearthly hour of five—being too frantic for my daughter to wait for the afternoon train. Never did a journey seem so insufferably tedious to me. The route at no season very interesting, or picturesque, looked doubly dull and flat in its winter dress, and we seemed to creep along with the slowness of an old-fashioned coach. But I suppose if I could have been flashed along the telegraph-wire, I should have found the journey none too brief. My wish would have out-run the lightning.

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cropped hair which seemed bristling with rage, and that dreadful fixed glare of the blood-shot eyes. Yet this was a wife and a mother!

"Is she not a perfectly hopeless case?" I asked of the physician, as I turned away, shuddering.

"Yes, I fear so," was the reply. "And yet I cannot tell; had she she, she is better than she was at first. She preserves some human sympathies, and has brief times of quiet. At such seasons I give her books and magazines, and she reads them and takes good care of them."

At this I thanked God for my sister in torment, to whom the merciful drop of water had been given, and invoked a blessing on books, as divine exorcisers of the demons of disease and despair.

Opening from all the halls are pleasant little sitting-rooms, in which we found patients at work, quiet and apparently happy. All the patients here, whatever their former position or circumstances, are supported by the State—a wise and humane regulation which must prevent all distinctions in treatment, or living,—all envy, or sense of humiliation.

In the first hall of the male department, I was startled and pained to find a pale, slender boy, of not more than thirteen, or fourteen. He was a lad of uncommon intellect, and had been driven into insanity by the forcing and cramming system of his tutor. A fearful lesson to teachers and parents.

In the next hall, we were introduced to quite a distinguished personage—a demented poet, who, for some fifteen years, has been well known in this region as "the Buckeye Bard." He has but lately become an inmate of the institution. His is a hopeless case I believe, but his lunacy is of the least melancholy character imaginable. If all who insanely fancy themselves great poets were as happy and harmless as he, and as comfortably disposed of out of the world's way, it were well for them and us.

The Buckeye Bard is a fine, striking looking man of about fifty, with a fresh face set off by a mass of silvery white hair. He dresses well, and has no mark of insanity in his appearance, save an intensified "fine frenzy" in the eye. He is very courteous in his address, though rather condescending. His thoughts and his talk run continually on his poems. It was very amusing to hear him discourse on this inspiring theme, and more amusing to observe the other patients, who crowded around us with smiles, and nods, and knowing winks; enjoying to the utmost his solemn absurdities—all alive to his crazy fancies, and happily oblivious of their own. He greeted us with a bland, yet supernal stolidity—Goethe could not have done the thing better.

"I have heard your fictitious name before, sir," I remarked, on our introduction.

"Of course, you have heard it," he replied, "but pardon me, madam, it is no *nom-de-plume*—it is a regular denominative name. I was born a Bard. You are a poet, I hear. How many styles can you write in?—About two, I suppose. I write in seven distinct styles—being a Bard, which is several degrees higher than a poet. But we can't all be Bards,—there's a limited number of them. I write upon the beauties of nature—of Ohio nature, in particular. 'Amelia' writes upon the beauties of nature, too—of Kentucky nature—I saw 'Amelia' once—in Louisville—only her back—couldn't see her face, being behind her. She's got a good back, though, and a pretty ankle. Hope she keeps on writing—haven't seen anything from her lately."

"I am sorry to have to tell you, sir, that 'Amelia' is dead," I replied.

"Dead! that's a pity. I'm sorry now that I didn't manage to get a look at her face.—And so you've travelled a good deal—been to England?"

"Yes."

"Went by water, I suppose.—Did you see Queen Victoria?"

"Yes, and the Prince, her husband," I replied.

"Her daughter's husband you mean. She's a widow—Queen Victoria is—lost her husband several years ago—has just married off her daughter,—the young woman has done very well, I'm glad to hear."

"I think you are mistaken," I said, "Prince Albert had the measles rather bad, but happily recovered, and is still living."

"Indeed! then how did the report get out? Well, I hope he won't object to my sending the Queen my poetry. I sent her a poem of fifty pages a while ago—expect to receive about twenty thousand dollars for it. Am going to England myself next spring."

"I would certainly do so—were I you," I said—"and go down to Windsor to see the Queen."

"Well, that depends on circumstances.—If she sends me the twenty thousand for my poem—and I don't see how she can well get out of it—I'll call and see her;—but it don't do to count your chickens before they are hatched, you know."

Oh, the marvellous wisdom of madness.

This amusing and memorable interview was wound up by a recitation by the Bard, of one of his latest poems—the queerest, craziest thing imaginable, containing not one line of sense, but musical as the hurdy-burdy, topey-tarry song of the Bob-o-link.

On Sunday morning, we attended service in the Chapel of the Penitentiary. It was a sad and solemn sight to behold—that great congregation of convicted transgressors, taken from all classes of society, clad in that dreadful, levelling uniform, as though beaten with many stripes by stern justice and hard for duty, listening to the wondrous story of Divine love and mercy, to the promise of redemption and the glorious liberty of God.

Most of the auditors seemed attentive and interested—some deeply thoughtful, but others looked absent and sullenly indifferent, as though brooding over their hard lot, and nursing in their secret hearts, a vengeful wrath against society. To look over them, and think what they had been, what they might have been, what they were, was inexorably painful. The thought of those shattered lives, those murdered and mangled hopes and powers, was sadder than the sight of a beach, strewn with wrecks of gallant vessels—of a battle field heaped with the slain.

The clerical hymnist I mentioned in my last, sat opposite us, and I observed that he eyed the chaplain and the pulpit, that respectable height from which he himself had fallen, with a look of sowing envy, which seemed to say, "I, too, once dwelt in Armida."

I afterwards heard that this fallen brother was once considered "a shining light" in his church. He visited Italy, and on his return, delivered stirring philippics against the Catholics. He bore down with especial severity on the sins of the Roman priesthood. He went farther than most men in his condemnation of the collation of the clergy; then, in his preaching, and afterwards in his practice.

All the prisoners were clean and neat—with their hair well brushed, several of the young men I observed, having it quite daintily disposed, and carefully parted down behind. Query—Does the State provide extra mirrors for the back hair? It were as charitable an indulgence to young dandies, as the tobacco ration to old slaves of the woad.

I was pained to hear a frightful amount of coughing during service. The prison is very damp, and badly ventilated, and in spite of the efforts of the officers, unhealthy. At this season rheumatic affections and diseases of the throat and lungs are very common. Unless the State is willing that its unfortunate convicts shall be choked by the hangman diseases of asthma and quincy, racked by rheumatism, torn by the hot pinners of neuralgia, put to a lingering death by consumption, it should build a new penitentiary—as comfortable, if not as grand as the Capital.

The services were impressively conducted, and the hymns sounded as solemn to me, sung by those poor sinners, in penitential garments, as they had ever sounded from the pure lips of respectable saints in silk and broadcloth.

On Monday morning we visited the Asylums for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind. Though greatly interested in both these institutions, which seemed to me admirably managed, I have only time for a passing notice of them. I was particularly interested in seeing the mutes talk by signs—not by the slow process of spelling out all the words, with the fingers, but by the new and more rapid system of gesticulation. They have signs for words and ideas—so accurate and expressive, that this strikes one as the primitive human language—in vogue before men—or more likely the quick wit of woman, found out the use of the tongue.

Among the patients at the Blind Asylum, was a pretty little boy from our city, who was suffering from *gutta serena*, and whose eyes gave but slight indication of their deathly darkening. He was one day watching with his mother, apparently in perfect health, when he suddenly exclaimed that it was dark, that he could not see. It was as though he had been struck blind by lightning. Oh, the more fearful darkness which at that moment must have fallen on that poor mother's heart!

Another patient—the only one I could smile in looking upon, was a funny, fat little girl, totally blind, but the happiest looking child I ever saw. I watched her for some minutes, as she waddled up and down one of the school-rooms, at recess, singing to herself right cheerfully. I could not have believed that a sightless face could be so bright. It seemed that the windows of her soul being so firmly closed, the great happy light of life within has made its way through countless little unopened chinks, to irradiate the face, which shines, not perhaps like the face of an angel, but with what here is still more comforting—a jolly human contentment. I shall never forget that quaint, chubby little creature—her cheerful acceptance of misfortune—her healthy, hearty hold on her poor half of life. Only heaven can contain her happiness when she finds her eyes.

PHILADELPHIA—(Thank Heaven!)

February 14th, 1859.

We reached home on the 12th, thoroughly worn out and disgusted with winter journeying. After my last visit at Cleveland, I paid a brief visit to Painesville, a beautiful town, and crowded a great amount of pleasure into a few bright hours. On our way home, we stopped at Massillon, Ohio, and at New Brighton, Pennsylvania, our old home—to visit some dear old friends—thus making the journey as easy as possible, under wintry and other unpropitious circumstances.

At Massillon, I visited an excellent charitable institution—very peculiar in some of its features—and called the "Rotch School," after the founder, Charity Rotch, a blessed old Quaker lady. Of this, I will take, or make occasion to speak hereafter.

We spent twenty-four hours in Pittsburgh—which we found with its grimiest face on. But the faces of our kind friends shone with a welcoming, consoling light, and we soon forgot our gloomy and sooty surroundings. Were it not for its pleasant social life, which shines with a double brilliancy for its dark setting, "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," Pittsburgh would be at this season of the year, a most foul and fearful place of sojourn—the great coal-hole of the world;—and, coming to bright, cleanly, airy Philadelphia, through "the smoky city," would be like passing into Elysium through Tartarus.

Now for "City Sights and Thoughts"—as soon as I can get the time to see the sights—get rested enough to think the thoughts.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

A recent number of the Boston Evening Transcript contains the following charming little poem, contributed to that journal by Whittier:—

You ask a merrier strain of me—The shepherd pipe of Acrely. The vintage hymn, the hunter's horn. The reaper's carol from the corn! Ah! small the choice of him who sings What sound shall thrill the smitten strings: Fate holds and guides the hand of Art. And lips must answer to the heart. In shadow now, and now in sun, As runs the life the song must run: But, glad or sad, to God's good end, Doubt not the varying streams shall tend. He that defers his charity till he is dead, is rather liberal of another man's than his own.—Bacon.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A FINE SCENIC—AN IMPERIAL BRIDE—ON THE GARDENS—A RECK OF OTHER THINGS—A HAPPY THOUGHT.

Paris, January 20, 1859.

My dear Sir:

The possibility of war is still the leading topic here; but notwithstanding the symptoms regarded as indicative of danger, and the reinforcements of the Austrian army in Italy, a belief that the "peace" of Europe is not immediately threatened is gaining ground. Neither Austria nor Russia are in a condition to rush lightly into war; and public sentiment in this country is decidedly averse to a policy which would interfere with the growing industry which the present Government has been so active in fostering, and without yielding any compensation for the infliction of so great an evil. It is clear that if France and Russia should join in a war of conquest, all the rest of Europe would league against them; if they went to war simply in a spirit of chivalrous devotion to the cause of Constitutional Reform in Italy, (supposing such a step possible on the part of two absolute Powers!) obtaining from all selfish aims in the work thus undertaken, they would be compelled to pay their own piper, Italy being in no position to relieve them of this necessary expense. However vain the French may be of their army, and however glibly they may talk of themselves as the torchbearers of Liberty, and the enfranchisers of Peoples, they have no sort of wish to incur any such onerous responsibility. That Europe will go on for ever in outward quietude, while so many discordant interests are striving for manifestation, is neither to be supposed nor desired; and if rational reforms are indefinitely postponed by the ruling classes, sooner or later the convulsion must come. But it is very doubtful whether Italy is prepared at this time to forget its ancient intestine feuds, and unite in an effort for freedom; and until this point shall be attained, it is clear that foreign intervention, even if unselfish, could do nothing for its regeneration. Austria's reluctance to comply with the provisions of the Treaty of Paris in regard to the navigation of the Danube and the affairs of the Principalities will probably give diplomatists some trouble; but it may well be hoped, by all friends of sound and genuine progress, that diplomacy may suffice to ward off the present danger, and that the steady improvement of public opinion, and the growth of patriotic feeling, in Italy, may have brought the people of that country to a better state of preparation for profiting by the chances of an appeal to the sword before such an appeal shall become inevitable.

Meanwhile Prince Napoleon is gone to Turin, where his betrothal is about to take place. The Princess Clotilde is tall and very handsome, strikingly resembling the Empress Maria Theresa, whose descendant she is. Her mother was considered to be the most beautiful princess in Europe; and she herself, when she shall have attained the maturity of her beauty, (she is now only sixteen) will be, it is thought, as handsome as her deceased mother. King Victor Emmanuel has received his Imperial son-in-law elect, with the greatest *ecstasie*; and grand dinners, balls, and illuminations are being got up in the capital of his spirited little country with a zeal worthy of a more extensive revenue. Prince Napoleon, who is thirty-six, stout, and the image of his great uncle, *minus* the look of genius which constituted the distinguishing characteristic of his personal appearance, has hitherto been a most persistent and irritating "thorn" in the side of his Imperial relative, whom he has thwarted and annoyed to the utmost of his power. But since the Emperor has raised him to the Governorship of Algiers, the Prince has come over to his party; the recent change in the Emperor's policy towards the clerical party, whom he has hitherto flattered, but to whom he is now beginning to "turn the cold shoulder," has still further propitiated the Prince, who detests the priests; and this marriage will doubtless cement the good understanding thus arrived at. The new couple will reside in the Palais Royal, the Prince's usual abode; his palace in the Avenue Montague, which he is about to beautify, and in which he will place the various collections he has made in his travels, he will present to the Princess, and it will be used by them as a sort of retiring-place, where they may occasionally repose from the fatigues of public life.

Upholders and decorators are also busy in the pretty palace of the Elysee, (the favorite residence of Napoleon I.) which is to be the abode of the court during the next two winters, while the Chateau of the Tuilleries is being put in complete order, raised one story, and entirely refurnished.

His present Majesty, less it is said from fondness for glitter, than from a belief that these things exercise a powerful effect on the mind of the masses, takes care to surround himself with all the imposing paraphernalia of courtly existence and etiquette. Witness the scale of splendor on which the arrangements of the court are carried out; the sum of one million of francs expended in ornamenting the Throne-Room at the Luxembourg, which his Imperial Majesty enters but once a year; the immense sum just expended in changing the disposition of the palace and of the Tuilleries Gardens, and the far larger sum (eighteen millions) which is to be laid out in the repair and adornment of the palace itself. But while lavishly gilding the Chair of State into which he has so astutely induced himself, the merit of unceasing activity cannot be denied to him; the immense variety of subjects and interests to which he devotes his attention being something astounding. Among other matters now going on under his active superintendence, is the reappearing of the streams and oyster-beds of France; the results already arrived at being most satisfactory. The oyster beds, in particular, had sunk, though mismanagement from their former rich condition to almost entire exhaustion, and a large population of poor but industrious fishermen were being reduced to beggary by the disappearance of the favorite bivalve. The *Moniteur* has just published a report on the subject of experiments conducted in the north by M. Coste, the well-known pisciculturist, by

the Emperor's command. From this report, we learn that the place chosen for the experiments in question, was a part of the bay of Saint-Brieux, a spot naturally well situated, and which, for an extent of 30,000 acres, is very favorable for the breeding of oysters, the bottom being shelly sand, slightly mixed with clay or mud. The tide, which runs from N. W. to S. W., and vice versa, at the rate of about three miles an hour, keeps the water constantly renewed, carries off all unhealthy deposits, and gains, by constantly breaking against the rocks, the necessary vivifying properties. The immersion of the breeding oysters was commenced last March, and ended in April, during which time about three millions of oysters, taken, some from the sea, and others from the neighborhood of Cancale (whose oysters are so famous in the annals of gastronomy), and of Treguier, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds, in different parts of the bay, forming together a superficies of 2,500 acres. The position of the banks had been marked out beforehand on a chart, floating flags being placed to direct the movement of the vessels engaged in the operation. In order that the immersion of the oysters should be made with perfect regularity, and that the female oysters should not be injured by lying too thickly one over the other, two steamers, towing boats laden with oysters, proceeded from one end of the bank traced out to the other, letting down the oysters as they went, and on reaching the other, turning round and retracing their way, thus distributing the fish with as much regularity as a plough would turn up a furrow in a field. The oysters having been laid down in conditions most favorable for their multiplication, it was necessary to organize around and over them some means whereby the spawn might be promptly collected, and compelled to fix itself on the spot. One of the plans adopted in view of this object, was to cover the bottom of the new bed with old oyster shells, so that not a single embryo could fall without finding a solid body to which to attach itself. A second plan, tried on a former occasion, was to place long lines of boughs of trees arranged like fascines, from one extremity of each bed to the other. These fascines were ballasted with weights attached to them, and their tops, when fixed in their position, stood about eighteen or twenty inches above the beds of oysters, and thus prevented any of the spawn from being carried away by the current. These fascines were placed by men with diving dresses. As the cords with which the fascines were fastened will soon wear out, the report suggests that they should be hereafter replaced by small chains of galvanized iron, manufactured for that purpose in the State Arsenal. The most exact indications have been taken on the chart of the bay, so that the fascines may be taken up in regular succession, in order that the oysters attached to them may be collected as a farmer gathers the fruit from his trees. The report states that, although six months have hardly elapsed since the operations were completed, the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The banks of Cancale and Granville, in their palmist days, never produced so largely. The branches of the fascines are so thickly covered with clumps of oysters that they resemble trees in an orchard, when in spring the boughs are hidden by the exuberance of the blossoms. One of these fascines, which has been brought to Paris in order that the Emperor might judge of the effect of the plan, had young oysters on it to the number of 20,000. They are already more than an inch in diameter, and they only occupied in the water the space which would be covered by a sheaf of corn in a field. When arrived at perfection, these oysters will be worth at least 400 francs. The report states that the extent already planted may be brought into full bearing in three years, and that an annual credit of 10,000 francs for that period will suffice for all expenses. Should other beds be laid down as the report proposes, the bay of Saint-Brieux will become, in point of value, almost equal to a gold field, so enormous will be the profits arising from this curious method of bringing the submarine regions into cultivation.

While the Emperor is thus busy with the thousand and one departments which would be left, across the water, to the enterprise of private individuals, his "son and heir" is making great progress in the English tongue. The Empress, who has Scotch blood in her veins, and is very proud of a Scotch title which figures in the long list of her inherited dignities, speaks English perfectly, and always employs this tongue with her child; he has, moreover, an English nursemaid, recently added to the staff of the Imperial nursery. The "ikonomess" of the child to be seen in the shop windows exaggerate the plumpness of his features to a laughable degree, in their effort to force a resemblance between him and the first Emperor, the present one, of course, habitually making the most of his supposed relationship to the "founder of the Napoleonic Dynasty." The institution of the St. Helena Medal, dictated by this policy, has shown, by the eagerness with which it has been claimed, the practical wisdom of this course; and many old fellows who really served in the "grande armee," and distinguished themselves by martial bravery, or can boast of ever having been brought into personal contact with their former Chief, have been handsomely cared for by the Emperor. Wherever he goes, some dilapidated warrior, lame, halt, blind, or minus an arm (poor souls!) is almost sure to make his appearance, and to get a small pension or a handsome pension from "the nephew of his uncle." Thus, on the Emperor's late return from Plombieres, he was greeted at one of the railway stations, by a group of the rickety old veterans who wear the St. Helena medal so proudly on the breast of their coats, as a sign that they belonged to the army of his illustrious predecessor. One of these old fellows advanced towards his Majesty, to whom he was presented by an officer. This old soldier was no other than the sentinel who, not recognizing his Chief in the gray soldier's coat, placed his sabre before the Emperor, exclaiming, "No one passes here, I tell you, not even were it the little Corporal himself!" Upon which "the little Corporal" laughing heartily at the incident, but delighted to witness so unswerving a fidelity to the order of the day, and wishing to reward it on the spot, called to

a centinelle who was standing near, and despatched her to give him a bit of the red braid which ornamented her tunic. The woman, astonished at the order, hastened to strip off a bit of this braid; and the Emperor, turning to the sentinel, who was still barring the way, in ignorance of the personage before him, attached the bit of braid to his button hole, saying,—"Tenez, the little Corporal will not pass, but he will decorate you!"

The sentinel thus rewarded for the indefatigable discharge of his duty was named Coluche; and as the incident has always been regarded with great favor by the public, the name and fame of Coluche have been widely disseminated through France by an infinity of colored prints, and pictures on cheap crockery, all illustrative thereof. He is now 75 years of age, and had, of course, already received the St. Helena medal. When presented to the Emperor to-day, he displayed to him, with much emotion, the bit of red braid which had been bestowed on him by the Great Captain, and which he has treasured ever since as a relic. The Emperor conversed for a few moments with the old fellow, and bestowed on him a handful of gold pieces which will not, probably, diminish the warmth of the attachment entertained by the old soldier for everything bearing the name of Napoleon.

The Princess Caricaria holds, every year, at her residence of the Hotel Lambert, a bazaar in behalf of the distressed Poles residing in this city. This charitable fair has just taken place here, as usual; the Princess's saloons being splendidly decorated for the occasion, and filled with a crowd of grand personages, while the tables were held by ladies remarkable for beauty, rank, wealth, or literary pretensions. Madame George Sand, who was presiding at a stall in this benevolent fair, was doing her best to secure purchasers for a quantity of small articles in embroidered muslin and delicate linen, destined for the use of very juvenile members of the community, when Baron James de Rothschild approached her table. The distinguished saleswoman at once addressed to the wealthy capitalist the usual request to buy something. "But what can I buy?" said the Baron, "you have nothing that I can do anything with. *Mais attendez*; an idea strikes me. Give me your autograph; sell me that." Madame Sand took a sheet of paper, and wrote the following words: "Received from Baron James de Rothschild the sum of one thousand francs for the benefit of the distressed Poles—GEORGE SAND." M. de Rothschild read it, thanked her, and presenting a note for the sum mentioned, passed on with the autograph, highly gratified, and leaving the clever *marchande* equally delighted. QUANTUM.

THE PRIZE POEM.

The centennial anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, was celebrated with much enthusiasm in England, Scotland and Ireland. The great demonstration for London was held at the Crystal Palace, where a prize poem was to be read in honor of the day; a magnificent colossal bust of the poet, by Calder Marshall, was to be uncovered to the gaze of admiring thousands; where portraits and relics of the poet were to be exhibited; where a concert of Scotch ditties was to be sung by fair damsels; the tartan; where bands of pipers were to play to the frantic gyrations of delirious dancers; where sheep's head broth, hotch potch, haggis, cock-a-leekie, sheep's head pie and trotters, and other fragrant delicacies were provided; where "whiskey" of the genuine "stew of Ben Nevis" was not to be withheld, as it was considered that the liquor which maddens as well as exhilarates, was better "far away" on the glens, lasses, "e," than in the "Crystal Palace," where, in fact, everything that could call to memory the genius and the geniality of the great Scotch bard, might be met with. Upwards of fourteen thousand persons were present on the occasion, and appeared to enjoy themselves mightily, and every person there seemed to enjoy the scene greatly. Military bands played during the day, in various parts of the building, and a very pleasing concert contributed much to the amusement. Mr. Phelps, the well known tragedian, attended and read the prize poem, and the name of the successful competitor was announced to be "Isa Craig." "Who is Isa Craig?" resounded through the building. Nobody could tell anybody, and as the individual was not forthcoming, it was left to speculation. It turns out that the author is a young Scotchwoman, who has occasionally contributed poems to the Edinburgh Scotsman, and was subsequently employed on it. In 1856, Messrs. Blackwood published a volume of her fugitive pieces, under the title, "Poems by Isa." Some poems in the National Magazine, bearing the signature C., are by her. At the meeting for the advancement of Social Science, at Liverpool, in October last, Miss Craig was employed in a department in which she acquitted herself with great satisfaction. She was not present at the Crystal Palace on the day, not supposing that she should be successful, and was not aware of her success until late in the evening. She is an orphan, and by her own industry and perseverance has emancipated herself from dependence on a grandmother, in no very affluent circumstances. She has well earned the prize she has gained. It should have been more in amount, (£250), but the honor of beating 629 competitors is something into the bargain. Doubtless, now that she has made for herself a name, the frowns of fortune will be chased away by the smiles of prosperity. The following is the successful poem:—

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

We hail this morn
A century's noblest birth;
A poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings,
Than all her kings!
As lamps high set
Upon a earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lighte they foot—
Divide in distance and die out.
While no star waneeth yet;
So through the past a far-reaching night
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth
Quick tears and sudden joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
To swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain and harvest frost,
He plods all day; returns at eve worn,
To the rude fire a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eye meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And poured her pure joy-wine
For him the poet-souled.
For him her anthem rolled,
From the storm wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A King must leave the feast and lead the fight
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrow and of sin—
Each human soul must close.
And fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapped him in her purple state;
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield,
Hard-pressed and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field—
His regal vestments soiled—
His crown of half its jewels spoiled—
He is a king for all!

Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armor proof
Against temptation's darts!
So years the good—no those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphal morales.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low.
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!
It might not be;
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver cords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honors lavished on his grave,
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim.
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.
The land he trod
Hath now become a land of pilgrimage,
Where dearest are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he hung,
While some sweet poet he breathed,
The streams he wandered near,
The maidens when he loved, the songs he sung,
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters, often at his strain
Her harp's song, went forth across the main.
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soil,
Lighten with their tools,
And sister hands have learned to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.
For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

ATROPHOUS VILLAIN.—On Monday night, Jan. 31, some desperate rascal entered the dwelling of Mr. Henry Stowell, in Shutebury, and stealthily proceeded to a bedroom in which his daughter Ellen, an excellent young lady of some 19 years of age, and another lady, were sleeping in separate beds, to both of whom he administered chloroform. He then made several cuts with some sharp instrument upon the forehead of Miss Ellen, extending from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows, and also upon her chin. From these wounds the blood flowed freely, but they were not serious. He also made a gash of some three inches in length upon her breast, and probably committed other outrages. On retiring she took the rings from her fingers and placed them upon the table near her bed; these were found upon the floor, broken and useless. Her clothing was all taken from the room in which she slept, and from the room adjoining. Even her trunk was broken open and clothing and papers carried away. Her summer hat, and summer clothing of all kinds, as well as whatever else that belonged to her was carefully selected and carried off. There were many valuable articles in the same room belonging to other members of the family, but nothing whatever was disturbed, except such things as belonged to this interesting young lady. It seems evident, therefore, that revenge was the only object of the scoundrel. She came to consciousness about daylight the following morning, and found her face and head and clothing covered with blood, and herself suffering greatly from the violence described. The family were at once made acquainted with what had happened, and a diligent search has been instituted, but as yet no clue to the perpetrator of the outrage has been obtained.—*Auburn (Mass.) Express.*

SKETCHES OF A VISIT TO CUBA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HAVANA, Dec. 25, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—
Having mentioned in my last letter that we were detained from reaching the "Bull Fight" till quite late, your readers must not anticipate a very full description. We only reached the ground in time to see the last bull exhibited; and I must confess I felt rather pleased than otherwise. Having promised the gentleman I would not ask them to retire till they were satisfied, I was feeling a little inwardly nervous, fearing my sensibilities would be considerably checked, yet I was not satisfied to be left at home.

The exhibition takes place in a large arena which is inclosed by a board fence about six feet high; from this fence there is a succession of raised seats, capable of seating three thousand persons. The upper row of all is divided so as to form private boxes. These are engaged by the wealthier classes, and it is considered perfectly proper for ladies to attend, and show their approval by waving their handkerchiefs, &c. The tamer of the bulls are generally brought out at the first and last of the fight; the savage ones being exhibited between. The one we saw was quite tame; it was with difficulty they could excite him, though the drums beat loudly, and red flags were fluted in his face. The picadors were faithfully attended; two of them were on horseback, with long spears, which they would plunge into the bull. After they had thus enraged him they left, and one on foot sought to kill him by plunging a knife into his heart, which he succeeded in doing. It has to be done very skillfully, at one blow. Then the simultaneous shout of the spectators is almost deafening. Immediately after the bull falls, four mules, gaily caparisoned, enter the ring, a rope is fastened around the horns, and in an undisciplined position the "Arriero" is "sawed" out. We considered ourselves very fortunate not to have seen more. An American gentleman who was on the ground early, told me he could not remain—the manner they aggravated the bulls was so horrible. For instance, they would run up and with great dexterity, place sharp-pointed freecrackers in his hide, which would explode while there. Every conceivable means to enrage them was resorted to. When they get too close upon one picador, another will divert the attention of the bull till the first is released. This same American saw two horses killed by one of the bulls. I was told it is wonderful to see those men who fight with the bulls, when they trip, or a bull gets them down. They will lie without moving a muscle, till another man comes to the rescue by diverting the attention of the animal.

The natives derive great enjoyment from these fights, but I think Americans generally would be satisfied with a single exhibition. I, for one, am fully satisfied.

While these exhibitions are indulged in, society must necessarily suffer. The influence cannot be otherwise than evil. Yet I must acknowledge that the large assemblages here appear to better advantage than those at home. For here we see great excitement and enthusiasm, without *rescues*, which with us is seldom the case. The lower classes here dare not presume to take the same liberties as ours do at home.

We resorted to the "Place d'Armes," where every evening, from eight to nine, the band performs; and on Sunday evenings the music is always finest. The band stands in the centre of the square, which is ornamented with beautiful flowers and plants, and on the sidewalk surrounding it are promenadeurs enjoying the beauty around them—the ladies, as usual, in their light ball dresses, walking as unconcerned as though they and their gallants were in a private drawing-room. A line of "volantes" is ranged along the curb, and the occupants, retaining their seats, or promenade at pleasure, receive bouquets, and lend a willing ear to the gentle words of the gallant Senors.

Spending the evening thus in the open air, you lose all recollection of the season of the year. All is so dream-like—moonlight, music, and flowers, with soft winds floating our light dresses, how can we realize it is winter? At nine o'clock the musicians form into line, and playing a quickstep, march from the square. We enjoy their marching; they are finely drilled, and keep most exact time with their music.

As they passed us last Sunday evening, I counted forty with brass instruments, and eighteen drummers, and, as they played, the harmony was perfect.

We have many amusing experiences, caused by not understanding the language—scarcely a day passes without something laughable occurring. I never realized before the inconvenience of not being understood. We have been more fortunate than many, as my fellow travellers always stumble upon some one to interpret for us. We evidently fare better than many who have a slight knowledge, and go roaming about with a Spanish dictionary under their arms, puzzling themselves to pronounce, and others more to understand. I truly extend pity to such, for the disappointment depicted on their faces is quite sorrowful to behold. One of the main subjects of conversation among Americans is in giving explanations and accounts of how they manage to get what they want. One of the most provoking as well as laughable circumstances occurred to a New York gentleman yesterday. Being very anxious to visit a plantation, he was invited to meet some gentlemen at the Revere House, at seven o'clock, A. M. After rising early, he sauntered to the door, hoping to see the clerk of the hotel, so as to be directed the nearest way to the Revere. He knew it was only a short distance, yet did not know how to get to it. The clerk had gone out, and no one could be found to speak English. Stopping a street volante, he got in, telling the driver to "go to the Revere." The darkey nodded assent, and off they went. After riding a half-hour, Mr. T. shouted to the rider, telling him "Revere, Revere!" again the man motioned all right, and whipping the old horse, trotted on. Soon Mr. T. decided it was all wrong, as he found time passing, and the volante and occupant being trotted

outside the walls of the city. Mr. T. was in despair; it was too late for the appointment, and he could not make the rider understand even to take him back where he came from. He found that the rider had got the idea that he (Mr. T.) was desirous of seeing the city, and consequently was determined upon showing it off, not neglecting a place. Mr. T. would stop the man, and talk very bad English; and the man, getting in a rage also, talked very bad Spanish, as it was supposed. At last Mr. T. stopped, and tried to make a gesture by motioning him. It was of no avail. To his horror he saw the rider stop, put a fresh rider on the horse, and off they went again. After three hours' driving, he met a man who understood and interpreted his meaning, and in a wretched condition he arrived at the hotel again, after all were done breakfast, and ready to receive his experience as a desert. He could not help laughing with us, although he was so much disappointed in losing the opportunity of seeing a sugar plantation.

The way we have adopted, is never to leave one place until the rider is made to understand where we want to go next. Another important thing is, to allow one that understands the language to settle carriages for—the moment a driver hears the English tongue, it has a peculiar effect upon him, producing a fit of obstinacy. I have frequently amused myself with watching the different boarders returning to the hotel, and, without an exception, there is always some dispute about pay, which the landlord is generally called upon to settle.

To-morrow we leave for Matanzas, where again you will hear from me. A.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Galway steamer Prince Albert, at St. John's, N. F., on the 17th, brings one week's later news.

Queen Victoria opened Parliament in person on the 3rd inst. Her speech commences with congratulations on the state of the country, and the progress made in India. The conclusion of treaties in regard to Principalities, and relative to commerce with Russia, is noticed, and the latter is referred to as an indication of the complete re-establishment of friendship between the two countries. The treaties with China and Japan are mentioned as promising great commercial advantages.

Satisfaction is expressed at the abolition by France of the negro immigration on the East Coast of Africa, and the pending negotiations give promise of the total abandonment of the system.

In respect to Mexico, the speech says "the state of that Republic, distracted with civil wars, induced me to carry forbearance to its utmost limit in regard to the wrongs and indignities to which the British residents have been subjected at the hands of the two contending parties. They at length have carried it to such an extent, that I have been obliged to give instructions to the commander of the naval force in those seas to demand, and if necessary, to enforce a reparation."

An increased expenditure for the navy is asked for, on account of the universal introduction of steam into the naval warfare.

Among the measures proposed are Parliamentary Reform and a new Bankruptcy Law. The speech is non-committal and almost silent on the war question, which caused a decline in the funds both at London and Paris. The Paris Bourse fluctuated considerably, and declined nearly one per cent. after its reception.

Lord Melbourne, in the House of Lords, and Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, complained of the silence of the Government in regard to the threatening state of the Italian question, and other matters of interest.

France continues her warlike preparations. The disquietude in political affairs throughout Europe was on the increase.

News from India loses much of its interest. War is declared to have ceased, and the proceedings are little more than a man hunt. Tania Topee and Nana Sahib are still at large. The Nana has sent into the camp, it is reported, to spare his women and children; he asks no money for himself, quite on the contrary, he offers to give up his life, and has ordered the massacre of the defenceless women at Cawnpore. Gen. Napier had overtaken the rebels under Peroshah, and defeated them with great slaughter.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton has advanced. The quotations for 11 plants are 4 1/2, and for Orleans and Mobile 1 1/2. Beans are quiet, but quiet. Provisions generally firm. Rice (Carolina) quiet. Sugar firm. Coffee dull.—Lard firm, and sales at 59 1/2. In the London Money Market American Securities generally firm.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday, Noon.—The Cotton market opened dull this morning, and there has been but little inquiry, and prices are consequently weak. The Broadcloth market continues quiet but firm. The Provision market also continues firm.

TURPENTINE AND ITS USES.—There are several hundred stills for the manufacture of turpentine in the State of North Carolina, and while the States bordering on the Mississippi are all more or less engaged in it. The uses of resin and turpentine seem to increase with every development of inventive talent. In painting, in printing, in soap making, and especially in lighting, its use seems to be almost universal. It forms an important element in many chemical operations, and it is estimated, in a late communication to the London Society of Arts, that from two to three hundred thousand dollars' worth is consumed annually in the American India-rubber manufactures.—From seventeen thousand to twenty thousand tons have been imported into England annually for many years past, and almost exclusively from the United States. Spirits of turpentine is obtained by distilling with water the resin fluid sap or pitch which exudes from incisions made in the wood of various species of pine; the product left after distillation is a resinous solid, which is popularly termed resin or rosin. Camphene, which is extensively used in lamps, as a substitute for oil, is spirits of turpentine purified by repeated distillations. Burning fluid is a solution of rectified turpentine or camphene in alcohol, the tendency of the turpentine is smoke being diminished by the addition of alcohol. Camphene and burning fluid, although highly inflammable, are not of themselves explosive; a mixture, however, of the vapor of these liquids with atmospheric air is highly explosive, and igniting at a distance, at the approach of the slightest spark or flame, is apt to communicate fire to the liquids themselves. Burning fluid, being much more volatile than camphene, is much more dangerous. Oil of turpentine is extensively used as a solvent for resins in the manufacture of varnish, and in the preparation of paints; also to some extent in medicine.

THE dairy farm of Zedee Pratt, in Greene county, N. Y., kept fifty cows in 1858, which yielded 6,500 pounds of butter, and brought twenty-two to twenty-seven cents per pound, or over \$1,500.

SOAP MADE FROM STRONG LYE.—We see it recorded that a Yankee soap peddler was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore.

him, the same jet black hair and dark, heavy eyebrows, the same swarthy complexion, though the lower part of the face was so much mutilated as to leave no recognizable features, and was clad in such homely garments as the Squire had worn on the morning he left home.

"It must be him," said Roney, in a low voice, as his companion bent sorrowfully over the corpse; "we'd better lift him out, clear of the other bodies, and—"

He was interrupted by a low, husky voice:

"Have you found my husband?"

"I'm afraid so, Molly," answered Joseph, looking up; "I'm afraid this is all that's left of Thomas Chandler! Oh, this war! this war! what a price we're paying for it!"

"Let me see him," said she; hope was still strong within her, for she still felt sure that it could have been no one but her husband who had made the exchange of horses the previous night; "let me see him!" and stooping over the ghastly corpse, the strong-nerved woman made a careful examination of what was left of its features. It was a severe ordeal, for a woman, that minute scanning and examining a dead body lying stark and bloody on a battle field, but there was too much at stake for her to shrink, and she went through it bravely.

The two men, with the soldier, stood a little apart watching her; the former in painful suspense, the latter with a kind of mechanical indifference; presently she arose, and, turning to them, said calmly, while a quiet look of happiness beamed upon her face,

"This is not my husband."

CHAPTER VII.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"This is not my husband!" No. Her husband had not been killed, nor even wounded, in the fight. He had escaped without a scratch; and Roney, who had fought like a demoted tiger the day before, and had killed outright half a dozen men, without the slightest scruple, felt somehow uncomfortable on account of the soldier he had shot when he thought he saw the Squire fall. To be sure, he was an enemy, and in open battle, but then he had killed him deliberately and of set purpose; and when he had found that it was all a mistake, and that the strong reason which had induced him to do it, was no reason at all, he had an uneasy feeling that somehow a life, unnecessarily taken, was on his hands, and that he had, in some way—he was not exactly metaphysical enough to see exactly what—been guilty of a wrong in this particular homicide. He had no compunctions, whatever, as to the other half dozen he had dismissed to their account; they were killed in the rush and excitement of hand-to-hand fighting, and he had no very distinct recollection about them. There had been none of the venomous concentration of wrath in their case, which he had brought to bear upon this one unlucky red coat.

Roney was not given to analyzing his feelings, however, and did not trouble himself about the matter, contenting himself with the reflection that the man was an enemy, at any rate, and had killed an American, so some body ought to have put an end to him.

The search being thus happily unsuccessful, the party mounted again and proceeded homeward, not without some curious and suspicious glances being turned upon Roney and Freckles, about whom there seemed something familiar to more than one of those who passed them as they crossed the field, and by whom they would have been recognized at once, had it not been for the coat and hat provided by William Willson's forethought. These, with the exceedingly meek and demure look which Roney assumed, baffled their scrutiny, and carried him safely beyond the lines and beyond pursuit, before the vague suspicions he had excited had assumed a definite form. As soon as they were clear of the British, Joseph Chandler asked Molly how she decided so positively that the body they had found was not that of his brother Thomas; for he had been very strongly impressed with the resemblance.

"I thought it was Thomas myself, at first," said she, "and I must make up my mind that somebody else had changed the horses. But then I found a scar over one eyebrow; an old scar; and I knew that Thomas had nothing of that kind; besides, there was a good deal of gray through the hair, and I knew that Thomas hadn't a gray hair in his head. I'm satisfied it is somebody else. Poor man! I hope he has no wife expecting him home."

They rode on for some time in silence, engaged with their own thoughts; Joseph perplexed and worried at what he considered his brother's treason, and the dangers, open and concealed, to which it exposed him; the woman thinking over the sad scene she had passed on the field; which, now that her main anxiety about her husband was removed, came up before her vividly, in all their ghastliness; and Roney, alternately thinking, with a kind of puzzled regret, about the soldier he had shot by mistake, wondering when or where his fellow-soldier would turn up, and what would be their next move, and every now and then remembering that he was sitting in the saddle in a manner very unbecoming the hat and coat he wore, and trying first one pocket and then the other, to see if his pistols were well concealed.

The country was then much more thickly wooded than it is now, and Roney kept a sharp look out for stragglers as they passed along, hoping he might meet some one he knew, of whom he might ask for news of the Squire. He saw more than one skulking along in the woods, who, he was certain, belonged to the army, but they were too far off to be spoken to, and every one, as soon as he saw them, dove rapidly into the recesses of the woods, out of sight.

As they approached Darlington's Corner, however, they were met by a horseman, who came up the Wilmington Road, just as they reached it. He was a broad, square-built man, mounted on a strong, bay horse. He was dressed in a coarse suit of homespun, white and dusty with mud, with which his hair, as well as an old hat which had once been cocked, but the rim of which now hung flapping about his ears, was also plentifully powdered. He had a large, black patch over one eye, held in its

place by a broad, dirty-looking bandage, which came down so low as to cover partially the other eyebrow and a good deal of the nose. His horse had no saddle, but merely an empty meal-bag laid loosely over his back. Altogether, he looked very much like a dispirited miller. The party did not pay much attention to him, until he rode up to Roney, who was a short distance ahead of the others, reconnoitering, and said,

"How do; has there any news from Birmingham?"

"Yes," answered Roney, "we have just come from there."

The miller gave an almost imperceptible start, and regarded his companion keenly for a moment with his one eye. Regarding his composure instantly, he proceeded to inquire the news from the battle with great apparent interest. Roney told him what he thought prudent; and the other told him, in return, how he had seen the fragments of the American army scattered over the country and along the road, making their way towards Chester. He spoke in a husky half-whisper, as though he was laboring under a severe cold. He glanced back once or twice at Joseph and Molly, who were jogging quietly along about fifty yards behind, and at last asked Roney if he knew them. Roney told him who they were, and what their errand had been.

The miller seemed greatly interested, and asked many questions about Molly's behavior under the trying circumstances in which she had been placed. He appeared to be much struck with the description that Roney gave him, which he did in full, from the time of their starting; for there was something about the stranger which disarmed, in some measure, the caution with which the young man had at first addressed him. By this time they had passed the belt of woods, and had reached the open road.

"That's a wife worth having," said the stranger; and then looking around, and seeing they were alone, he added, "A Quaker coat, with a horse-pistol butt sticking out of the pocket, don't look well, Roney."

Roney almost bounded out of the saddle in his astonishment. The stranger's voice had dropped from the strained, husky tone in which he had been speaking into the deep, grave voice of Squire Chandler!

He looked at him for an instant as the bandage and patch were raised, disclosing beneath the well-known features, and the black eyes and brows of his old friend, with no sign of injury about them, and then without a word, wheeling Freckles in the tracks, sunk the spurs into him, and darted off like a rifle-ball towards his companions in the rear.

The latter had stopped when they saw him leap up in the saddle so unexpectedly, and were now preparing for flight. Joseph was about turning his horse's head, with many misgivings, however, as to his power of escaping with the double load he carried, as Roney dashed alongside, and stopped with a suddenness which brought the roan upon his haunches.

"Quick!" exclaimed the young man, "quick! come along!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Mrs. Chandler, "is there any danger, Roney?"

"Danger! No," said he, eagerly, "no; good news! Come along."

The horse was put into a sharp trot, and in a few moments they reached the spot where the stranger was waiting. Neither Molly nor Joseph had the slightest idea of what the good news was to consist, and when they had reached the spot stood looking for a minute or so, blankly at each other, and at the dusty stranger who had upset Roney's equanimity.

The latter, after a pause, and a glance around to see that no one else was near, slowly took off the old hat and bandage.

Molly looked at him wildly for an instant, and then, with a scream of joy, such as women will indulge in, she slipped down from the pillion on which she had been seated, and running to her husband, who had already dismounted, flung her arms around him, and clung to him with her head on his shoulder, sobbing and laughing together in a most unjustifiably hysterical manner considering her age. But the strong restraint which she had put upon her feelings before, was now broken down all at once, and the reaction had come.

She soon recovered her composure, however, and the Squire gently disengaged himself from her grasp. He replaced her on the pillion behind his brother, and, replacing the bandage, and the old hat, mounted his own horse, and they proceeded on their way in company.

"What do you intend to do next, Thomas?" inquired his brother.

"I'll keep in the neighborhood of the British," said the Squire, "and watch their motions; this disguise will answer my purpose, I should think," he added, with a grave smile at the recollection of Roney's astonishment. "I don't think any of them will be likely to know me in it."

"But I hope you are not in danger, Thomas," said his wife, anxiously. "What is the need of wearing a disguise at all?"

"I am in just so much danger," he answered, "with the grave, almost stern calmness which belonged to his character; 'I am in just so much danger that my life will pay for my being known here. I am watched on all sides. I have been asked two or three times this morning if I knew where Squire Chandler could be found, and by men that I knew to be Tories, every one of them. And James Hammond told me that the British General had found out that it was that gave him the slip at Jeffers's Ford, and had offered a hundred pounds to anybody who would bring me in.'"

"Oh! Thomas," exclaimed Molly, "what will you do?"

"I don't intend to let them bring me in, Molly," explained her husband, quietly; "but I must do for me to be riding along the road here with you; there are too many people about. I must leave you now," he added, checking his horse as they came to a narrow road that led off into the woods, "and I must say farewell. Keep a good heart, Molly; I'll not run into any danger that I can help; fighting's not my business now. Roney, I want you to meet me at Dilworth's to-morrow night—several of our wounded men have been left there at the tavern. Some of them will be able to

ride by that time, and want to get to Chester; but somebody will have to go with them to show them the road."

"I'll be there," said Roney.

"I may be at home," continued the Squire, "between this and to-morrow night, but I can't tell for certain. If I come in disguise, Molly, don't know me, even if there is nobody by. Walls have ears and eyes, too, sometimes."

So saying, the Squire turned his horse's head, trotted briskly down the narrow road, and was soon hidden from sight among the trees.

The three friends then rode slowly homeward, and in about an hour reached their destination, where they found William Willson anxiously waiting for them.

He listened calmly to the account of their adventures, making no display of the emotions he felt at the assurance that his old and tried friend was alive and unhurt, for he was not accustomed to give much vent to his feelings at any time. But when Roney had concluded his account, the old man took his leave, and walked home slowly, with a heart filled with that indefinite, aimless anxiety, which is the most painful in its character, because we do not know whether to turn for relief from it.

Before he reached the lane which led to his own house he was overtaken by Roney, who had stayed behind to put away his horse, and now came hurrying up, anxious to get rid of the powerful coat and hat in which he was still disguised.

"Don't worry about the Squire, Uncle William," said he, as he noticed the old man's anxious face; "he's not going to run his head into a noose yet awhile. It's not likely anybody else will know him, when his own wife didn't. You know I rode alongside of him, myself, for a couple of hundred yards, talking with him all the time, and hadn't an idea it was anybody I knew."

"But 'pose somebody should know him and betray him; a hundred pounds is a great temptation; these fellows very well would be the end of it."

"I know they would hang him for a spy; but I'm not afraid of anybody seeing Squire Chandler in the wheezy old miller we met at the corner," said Roney, laughing; "and besides, even if he did, he would be afraid to try it; there's too much risk."

"How risk?" inquired the farmer.

"Risk of his life; more, certain death. He'd be hunted down like a mad dog. Do you think a traitor like that could escape me and Dick and Jim Gilmer, and twenty more who would be on his track like blood-hounds?"

"Roney, Roney," said the old man, solemnly, "there's talking wrong and wild, and wickedly. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' If the thing is done, leave the punishment to Him. Thomas is in His hands, and there we must leave him."

Roney was somewhat abashed at this unexpected reproof, and, having no answer ready, remained silent, until they entered the house.

"Sally," said William, as she raised her head at their entrance, "here's a young friend who brings word of Thomas Chandler."

"How's that?" said Sarah quietly, as she rose and held out her hand to the young man, who still kept on his hat; "I hope these has—why it's Roney!" she exclaimed; "where on earth did these get such a dress as this?"

"I made him take Abram's hat and coat," said her husband, "before he started for Birmingham this morning. I was afraid he would be known by some of the soldiers."

"And it was well for me he did, Aunt Sally," said Roney; "if it hadn't been for them I wouldn't have been here now."

"Does these think they suspected thee?" she inquired.

"No mistake about it; we didn't leave a minute too soon."

"Well, I'm glad they didn't stop thee," said she; "but what about Thomas?"

Roney told her, in substance, what has already been related, concerning the battle, and his subsequent meeting with the Squire, giving a graphic account of the battle so far as he had seen it; omitting, however, all allusion to his own particular homicide, especially with regard to the unlucky red-coat he had shot by mistake. She knew he had been engaged in the battle; that he could not help telling; but she asked no indiscreet questions about his own personal exploits in it.

Perhaps the most absorbed listener was Sam, who had come in after feeding the pigs. He stood with mouth and eyes wide open, wriggling all over, and convulsively drawing up now one leg and now the other, as Roney described the various exciting scenes he had witnessed in the fight, and going through a rapid succession of grimaces, which he manifested by ranning his hands emphatically to the bottom of his breeches pockets, and springing his parenthetical legs out like two bows, and then straightening himself up again with a shake to take a fresh start at listening.

He was deeply impressed with the fact that he was looking at a man who had actually been in a real battle, and was nevertheless there in his veritable body, and not as a ghost; two things which his faculties were utterly unable to reconcile in a satisfactory way.

Several of the neighbors dropped in about the evening narrating their story, and answering, as well as he could, the multitude of eager questions with which they plied him. About nine o'clock, however, he took his leave, and went back to the Squire's dwelling, where he passed the night, sleeping the sound sleep of fatigue until about sunrise, when he went to the barn to look after Freckles, and found the black horse in the stall, reeking with sweat, and the mare gone. He knew what it meant, and without saying anything, he quietly rubbed him down, gave both horses their feed, and went in to breakfast, where he told Mrs. Chandler of the fact. After breakfast he returned home, and in the evening rode to Dilworth's, where he met the Squire, who informed him that the army had left Chester for Philadelphia the day before, and that the wounded would have, in consequence, to remain where they were.

One of the finest specimens of laconic speech on record is that of Rochester: "If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I finish, kill me."

EVA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

She was beautiful I know,
She was wonderfully fair,
With the goldenest of hair,
And a bosom like the snow.

All her ways were full of grace,
And her blue beseeching eyes,
Full of sweetness and surprise,
Were a glory to her face.

And her lips with roses dyed,
Were as passionately sweet
As the kiss where lovers meet,
Who were parted long and wide.

But the hair is brushed aside
From the features still and pale,
Like a fleecy floating veil
From the forehead of a bride.

And the beautiful blue eyes
Are shut down with faded bands,
And the tresses of hands
On the snowy bosom lie.

From her lips the rose is fled,
And the yearning sweetness there,
Like a mist dissolved in air,
Gone forever—she is dead!

HOW JULIA'S ENGAGEMENT WAS BROKEN OFF.

"I will never marry Mr. Youngscrew, because he is rich as Croesus," said Julia Cushing, bursting into tears.

"You shall never marry Capt. Montgomery, because he is poor as Job," said old Cushing, bursting out of the room as Mrs. Major Manager entered it.

"Good gracious, Julia, what is the matter?" said Mrs. M. "Why your eyes are as red as ferrets, and you'll burst the buttons of your polka if you sigh so desperately."

And Julia told her all, "how she loved a bold dragon, with his saddle, bridle, long sword," and little more than his pay, how her father refused to have him for a son-in-law, and how Mr. Youngscrew, a stingy, gingers, badly-legged booby had proposed and been accepted by old Mr. Cushing. The case seemed desperate to Julia—not so to Mrs. Major Manager.

"My dear," said the old campaigner, "dry your eyes and leave all to me. Dress yourself as becomingly as you can, receive Mr. Youngscrew with nods and becks, and wretched smiles, and then—"

"Then what?" exclaimed Julia, opening her beautiful blue eyes to their utmost.

"And then we'll take him out to shopping. My nieces Arabella, Emma, and Clara are going, as you know, to join their brother in India, and I have promised them part of their outfit. You shall buy all under my direction."

"But what has that to do with my marrying Charley—I mean Captain Montgomery?"

"Oh! it's at Charley, is it?" thought Mrs. M., "then there is no time to lose. There's a knock at the door, and there is Mr. Youngscrew and his brougham. Do as I tell you and trust to my experience."

Julia, like a good girl as she was, obeyed her knowing old friend, and presently appeared looking more beautiful than any lady in the Book of Fashions. Youngscrew, (who, by the by, was quite as bad looking as Julia had painted him) stood agape with admiration, and actually perspired with ecstasy when the ladies solicited his company to Swan and Edgar's. The clock struck one as they entered that paradise of women. Mr. Y. would have retired, but the ladies knew that he had taste, and desired the benefit of it. They were soon seated, and the solemnity began. Dress after dress was opened, discussed, and rejected. With a patience worthy of the cause, did the highly respectable young curate-looking gentleman behind the counter to seek to satisfy his fastidious customers, and at length succeeded.

Mr. Youngscrew thought the price (he said so days afterwards) a stiff one. The ladies had scarcely made it a question.

Then the trimmings.

Twenty yards of ribbon at two shillings a yard!

Mr. Y. couldn't understand for what it was wanted.

Sixty yards of braid at one shilling a yard! Mr. Y. began a sum in mental arithmetic: Twelve yards of lining at sixteenpence a yard!

Good gracious! Could she have got as much as that about her, as there she sat upon the chair before him? If so, how much of that glorious heap was Swan and Edgar, and how much Julia Cushing?

Twenty-four enamel buttons at two shillings each!

By jingo! She had twenty-four on her dress at that moment, for Youngscrew began to count them.

Skeletons of silk; sewing cotton; gimp; whalebone; hooks; and eyes; Youngscrew became mute as a fish. He felt inclined to scream when the curate asked, "If that was all to-day?" "All," Mr. Y. should think so—and did.

The clock struck four, as the trio left the shop. Mr. Youngscrew, pale as white arsenic at the scene he had witnessed, the ladies radiant with the consciousness of having fulfilled so far their woman's mission.

"We shall see you again to-morrow!" said Julia to her admirer, with one of her very sweetest smiles, "at eleven!"

Mr. Youngscrew, who stuttered slightly, could only bow his rapture and depart.

"Does number one," said Mrs. Major Manager, "we will make Emma's purchase to-morrow, the day after that Clara's, the next day you shall make me a present of a mantle, and possibly you do want something for yourself, eh, dear?"

Of course she did—wherever knew a girl of twenty who did not?

Mr. Youngscrew went to bed that night, but not to sleep. Mental arithmetic again engaged his attention for many hours, and when he did come it was to dream of ready reckoners and demand in white chokers.

Need we dwell over our story? No.

Day by day, as proposed by the artist Major, did she submit Youngscrew to the torture, until he looked upon Swan and Edgar's as a fashionable luncheon. Each night he slept less. Each morning he rose with more bile in his face and less love in his heart for Julia Cushing.

The present of the mantle to Mrs. M. M. brought on a crisis.

Mr. Y. repudiated his engagement and fled to France. Old C. threatened him with an action for breach of promise, and compromised for £10,000, with which he presented his son-in-law, the captain, on the day of his wedding.—Punch's Pocket Book.

AN EARTH-BATH.

FROM HOOGE'S LIFE OF SHELLEY.

My uncle, an old clergyman, had lived many years in a damp parsonage in the New Forest, and he was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. He was then all the fashion. He did so, and was persuaded by him to take an earth-bath; he actually took one, and he thought it did him good, and was likely to be of great service.

My uncle often regretted that he had not resolutely enough to persevere; but it was exceedingly unpleasant. The patient was led into the doctor's garden; there he took off his clothes behind a screen, stripping himself stark naked. He was then placed in a hole in the ground, just large enough to contain him; in what posture I do not recollect, but I think standing. Earth—finely sifted vegetable mould—was gently filled in quite up to the collar-bone, the head and neck being free, and remaining out of the ground; the arms were buried, being placed close to his side. The patient being fairly in the bath, the screen was removed, and he commonly saw other persons around him in a like situation with himself; and he passed the time, as well as he could, in conversing with them—for it was necessary to remain three or four hours in the earth.

"How cold he must have been!" a lady remarked.

On the contrary, the sensation of heat was most oppressive; there was an unpleasant feeling of suffocation, and the perspiration was profuse. When the time prescribed had expired, the screen was placed around him, the bath was taken out of his grave, and well rubbed, and he was allowed to put on his clothes and depart. It was so disagreeable, that my uncle could never summon courage to undergo the operation a second time; but several of his friends had taken an earth-bath frequently, and they thought that the process was of great use to them.

I have seen persons in the earth-bath myself. I well remember going with my uncle the first time he consulted Doctor Graham. A man-servant, in a splendid livery, received us, and conducted us into the garden, and we saw there what seemed to be a bed of cauliflower. It was the age of wigs—of powdered wigs—and there were several old gentlemen buried up to the neck in the earth, with the head only to be seen above the earth, and a well-whitened wig upon it. The footman led my uncle up to one of the most considerable of the wigs, and introduced him to his physician: "This, sir, is Doctor Graham." For the doctor took a bath every morning himself, to encourage his patients, and shone forth on the surface of mother earth as the biggest of the big wigs. He could not feel my uncle's pulse, for his arms were interred as well as his body; but he looked at his tongue, and asked him very many questions, in exact accordance with the practice of the college, and finally he prescribed an earth-bath, which shortly afterwards my uncle took.

I have seen persons in the earth-bath myself. I well remember going with my uncle the first time he consulted Doctor Graham. A man-servant, in a splendid livery, received us, and conducted us into the garden, and we saw there what seemed to be a bed of cauliflower. It was the age of wigs—of powdered wigs—and there were several old gentlemen buried up to the neck in the earth, with the head only to be seen above the earth, and a well-whitened wig upon it. The footman led my uncle up to one of the most considerable of the wigs, and introduced him to his physician: "This, sir, is Doctor Graham." For the doctor took a bath every morning himself, to encourage his patients, and shone forth on the surface of mother earth as the biggest of the big wigs. He could not feel my uncle's pulse, for his arms were interred as well as his body; but he looked at his tongue, and asked him very many questions, in exact accordance with the practice of the college, and finally he prescribed an earth-bath, which shortly afterwards my uncle took.

"How dreadful!" all the ladies exclaimed, with one voice; "it must just be like being buried alive! Were there any women there?"

Not when I was present, certainly; and I rather think that females did not take these baths; and yet I recollect that the advertisements strongly recommended them to ladies as an unfailing remedy for sterility, inasmuch as the earth would surely impart to them some portion of its fruitfulness—the earth being the fertile mother of all things.

BATTLES OF THE REVOLUTION.

A correspondent of the Norfolk Herald has taken the pains to compile the following table, showing the comparative losses of life sustained in the Battles of the Revolution. He says he may have made some trifling errors, but that the statistics are mainly correct. The table should be preserved for future reference:

	British.	Amer.
Lexington, April 19, 1775,	273	85
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1850	403
Flatbush, Aug. 12, 1776,	400	200
Whitplains, Aug. 25, 1776,	600	400
Trident, Dec. 25, 1776,	1000	50
Preston, Jan. 5, 1777,	400	900
Hubbardstown, Aug. 17, 1777,	800	800
Berlinston, Aug. 16, 1777,	800	100
Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777,	500	1100
Stillwater, Sept. 17, 1777,	600	350
Germanstown, Oct. 4, 1777,	600	1200
Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777, (sur.)	6572	
Red Bank, Oct. 22, 1777,	500	32
Monmouth, June 26, 1778,	400	130
Rhode Island, Aug. 17, 1778,	270	211
Brier Creek, March 10, 1779,	13	400
Stony Point, July 16, 1779,	600	100
Camden, Aug. 16, 1780,	375	610
King's Mountain, Oct. 1, 1780,	910	96
Cowpens, Jan. 17, 1780,	800	72
Gulford Court House, 1780,	532	400
Hatfield Hill, April 25, 1780,	400	400
Kutaw Springs, Sept. 8, 1780,	1000	550
Yorktown, Oct. 17, 1780, (sur.)	7072	1200

RECTOR wrote a letter to his love

And filled it full of flame and keen desire;
He hoped to raise a flame—and so he did;
The lady put his nose in the fire!

The fallings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

A POET OF NO PARTY.

One of those poets who love to glorify what ever power happens to be in the ascendant, and who, under the Bonaparte regime, found themselves well rewarded for their meanness and their pains, called upon M. de G—— one morning with a copy of verses, to which was attached an order on the Imperial treasury.

This was three days after the birth of Napoleon's son and heir, the King of Rome.

M. de G—— had nothing to do but to pay the order; nevertheless, at the suggestion of the author, he read the verses. The Paymaster remembered the refrain, which was as follows:—

"If fierce barbarian hordes should e'er invade
This land, of science and of art the hope,
Then will each Frenchman draw his glittering blade,
And die, or conquer, for the King of Rome."

M. de G—— did not think much of the verses

TO JEANNIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

For the sake of the light that used to lie
In those gentle eyes of thine;
For the sake of the smile that long ago
Made lip and cheek divine;
For the sake of the faith that has blessed my life,
Like a flower in the wilderness,
I never will turn my heart away,
I never will love you less.

For the memory of your loving words,
And the pleasant song you sang,
In that golden time when life was new,
And you and I were young,
I cannot see your scornful lips,
And the frown upon your brow,
For the heart that loved you truly then,
Will truly love you now.

Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie! I will forget
That the world has made you cold,
That pride is written upon your face
In letters strange and old;
I will only remember the old love
That made your smile divine,
And filled your eyes with a nameless charm,
When they looked into mine.

THE KISS.

Give me, my love, that billing kiss,
I taught you one delicious night,
When, turning eyes in mine,
We tried inventions of delight.

Come, gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move—
Ah, no—again! that kiss was wrong—
How can you be so dull, my love?

"Cease, cease!" the blushing girl replied—
And in her milky arms she caught me—
"How can you thus your pupil chide?
You know 't was in the dark you taught me!"

THE EBONY CASKET.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOVERNESS.
IN FOUR PARTS.—PART I.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SYDNEY HOLMAR.

"Margaret!"
I started. Mr. Hairstone's usually low tones
were so sharp and quick.

"Margaret! never, while you live, dare to
touch that vase again!"

Margaret looked up in astonishment, still
playing with the chased handles of the ebony
casket. Her uncle rose from the deep bayed
window where he had been sitting, and came
towards her. What was there in her childish
willfulness to make his lips even turn white,
and his hand tremble? I watched him in
silence as he took the quietly carved vase from
its stand, and stood looking at it with a
curious look of doubt and fear.

"What shall it ever be to you?" he said,
sharply, forcing the child to look at him—
"That, at least, is not yours! cannot be! never,
never!"

He pushed her roughly away, and went, with
his towering step, back to his seat. Margaret
came to me, her hollow cheeks flushed with
anger, and her great brown eyes brimming
with the tears she would not let fall. She drew
a cushion beside me, and sat quietly down at
my feet, watching her uncle. We were in the
library, Mr. Hairstone's own domain. It was
a large, oaken-paneled room, built in the
Elizabethan style, filled with quaint old furniture,
and lighted by narrow casements of stained
glass. From beside one of these casements
Amy sprang up, and came bounding across the
room to her sister. She looked at her for an
instant, and then calling to her uncle to attract
his notice, began to approach the casket in a
half shy, half defiant dancing step. Nothing
could have been more winning or graceful than
the fairy child's movements, as she climbed
up and placed her little hand in triumph on the
casket. Mr. Hairstone was possessed of a quick
perception of the beautiful, and I saw his frown
relax as he called her gently to him. It is singular
that whenever I remember Margaret and
Amy as children, it is as they looked at that
moment: Margaret crouched on the floor at
my feet, her pale face upturned, her cheeks
still wet with tears, but her eyes bright with
admiration of her sister, who stood airy and
light as Titania's self, balancing herself on one
foot on a pile of dusty volumes, the crimson
sunlight falling like a halo upon the delicate
little head with its crown of golden ringlets.

"Come to me, child," called Mr. Hairstone.
Amy paused to look excitedly at her sister,
and then sprang towards him and into his
arms, pushing away, with childish petulance,
the book he had been reading.

"Uncle, you are unjust," exclaimed a voice
from the window, and Gilbert Hairstone rose,
and coming hastily forward, threw his arm
around his cousin Margaret. She burst into a
passion of tears, sobbing child-like, with a
complaining cry of "Gilbert! Gilbert!" Mr. Hair-
stone was silent for a moment, his keen gray
eye passed slowly from one child to the other,
then he said, in a quiet tone,

"Yes, Gilbert, you are right—I am unjust!—
But if Amy did not irritate you as she does, I
doubt if your sense of justice would be so keen!"

He drew Margaret to him, and passed his
hand slowly and caressingly over her hair, but
said nothing more. I saw her leave him soon
and stand alone by the casement, looking drearily
out into the wild moorland, over which the
evening shadows were gathering fast. Gilbert
went and stood beside her. She was a lonely,
gloomy child always, and it pleased me to see
the kindness of her cousin Gilbert to her—I
hoped that some of the sunshine of his nature
might brighten hers. That influence, and her
eager love of her sister Amy, I thought would
some day, perhaps, make her a more cheerful,
lovable woman than her girlhood promised.—
As I turned my eyes from the two dark figures
in the window, I saw that other eyes than mine
had been watching them; I had not seen be-
fore that Philip Stamford was seated, half-
hidden, in one of the dark recesses by the fire-
place.

I did not like the boy, that I honestly con-
fess—why, I scarcely know. He was a new
comer in the family, for one thing, and I never
easily became reconciled to strange faces. Then
his quiet, subdued, watchful manner contrasted
disagreeably with Gilbert Hairstone's open,
joyous frankness. The lad was unfailing, too,
I thought; never seemed moved by the im-
pudence or the sensitiveness natural to his age.
I had never known any one so intensely still
as he was—so unobtrusive; he puzzled,
perplexed me, and the annoyance this caused
deepened into dislike.

I remember, when the library was deserted
that night, how I sat by the smoldering fire,
thinking of the strangely differing characters
beneath the roof of Hairstone Hall, and won-
dering how the little domestic drama of which
I was the mute observer would end; I remem-
ber, too, how, as the flame flickered suddenly
up, and flashed into the dark corner where
stood the ebony casket, I started to see the
wild, grotesque figures carved on it gleam out
amid the darkness. What was the mystery
connected with it? I rose and examined it
more closely, though with a weak, superstitious
feeling. It was a casket in the form of a
vase or urn, of ebony, carved into wild, ara-
besque figures, that bespoke its Moorish origin.
There was a strange old tradition that connect-
ed it with the fate of an ancestor of the Hair-
stone family, who had wandered, in the times
of the Crusades, into Morocco, and whose foul
and bloody deeds were yet told in whispers by
the village gossips. A dark red stain of blood
upon it gave this tale yet more significance.—
There was a belief that gained currency, I know
not how, which declared that by some mysteri-
ous link the destiny of the Hairstone family
depended on this antique piece of carving.—
Whether influenced by this vulgar prophecy
or not, it is certain that Mr. Hairstone regarded
the vase with peculiar feelings. It had never
been opened to my knowledge—no hands but
his own ever touched it, and I had seen him,
though usually the most placid of men, start
and shrink as with some horrible foreboding
when he by chance came near it.

But I dismissed the idle wondering from my
mind, as I thought of the change which I fore-
saw ere long must take place in the Hairstone
family. It was now four years since I had en-
tered the Hall to take charge of the education
of the children. Before that time I had never
seen Mr. Hairstone; I had heard of him as an
old man possessed of great wealth, of rare
kindness and sagacity, and of most eccentric
habits.

He had never married, had spent the greater
part of his life in travelling, and had returned,
old and feeble, to find no voice of those dear
to his boyhood to welcome him home. Hairstone
Hall, at the time of his return, was vacant.
His eldest brother, George Hairstone, had been
absent from England many years, and no trace
of him could be found. The hall and the es-
tate of Clintwood attached, remained in charge
of trustees for his use or that of his heirs,
should any ever appear to claim it. That
George Hairstone himself never would return,
was the common belief; for few doubted the
whispered rumor, that the mental aberration
under which he had suffered in his youth, had
returned with renewed violence, after his de-
parture from England, and that he had died a
raving maniac in one of the asylums of France.

His brother John, on his return, occupied the
hall, and there collected the remaining mem-
bers of his family around him. The children
of his only sister, Margaret and Amy Loworth,
were orphans, as also by a singular coinci-
dence, was the son of his youngest brother,
Gilbert Hairstone. These children, with my-
self, had constituted the family at Hairstone
Hall, until a year before the period when my
story commences. Mr. Hairstone was then ab-
sent from home for several weeks, and re-
turned, bringing with him the boy, Philip
Stamford. He volunteered no information re-
specting him, but the impression became cur-
rent, I know not how, that he was the child
of a friend whom Mr. Hairstone, from charitable
motives, intended to educate. Yet very soon
my attention was excited by the incessant mi-
nute watchfulness with which Mr. Hairstone
regarded him. Who could the boy be, or what
was his past history, thus to rivet the constant
unvaried scrutiny of a man like Mr. Hairstone?

Not unfrequently scrutiny either, it seemed to
be, nor suspicious, but keen and thoughtful.
There were times when I saw this rigid regard
relax, and to my surprise, fancied that the
cold, shrewd old man could scarcely repress a
burst of irrepressible tenderness. But such
moments were of short duration, and were
evidently unmarked by Philip himself—who
concealed every feeling, if indeed he possessed
any, beneath his cold yet sad reserve. Had
Mr. Hairstone's intentions of simply educating
the boy been openly declared, his peculiar
manner towards him would not have attracted
my attention; but, knowing the eccentric
character of the old man, I sometimes ap-
prehended another result. I thought it prob-
able that in choosing an heir for his large property,
that he would be influenced but little by ties
of blood. I knew him to hold the opinion that
the great power of wealth should be placed
only in the hands of those whose stern integ-
rity and firm will, would enable them not only
to use it rightly, but to use it to the full ex-
tent of its capacity for power. He had never
concealed that his object in thus collecting
around him the scattered members of his
family, was to choose an heir from among
them. Common rumor had given the pre-
ference to Gilbert. And he, I thought also,
thought himself sure of success—I need the
word success purposely, for with all of Gilbert's
frankness of manner, I thought he was fully
aware of the importance of attaching his uncle
to himself—or rather of appearing to possess
the character which he knew the old man
most valued—that of truth and justice. Gil-
bert also knew that should no claimant for the
hall and manorial estate appear before a cer-
tain number of years, he would be the legal
heir. I must confess that all my silent, close
attention to the bearing of events in this do-
mestic drama, was not entirely that of a dis-
interested spectator. Margaret was my favorite,
and I dreaded that her uncle would fail to see
the real beauty of her character under its re-
pellant exterior. That she was unattractive,
unpleasant in person and manner, I could not
deny. Amy, on the contrary, was one of those

bright, clinging, loving creatures, who uncon-
sciously attract to them as if it were their right,
a favorite plaything with all but her cousin Gil-
bert, whose trifling interests and here seemed
always to elude. The winter passed slowly on.
Every day Mr. Hairstone's physical strength
grew less. Yet with this exception the usual
routine was unbroken. Never by a word, had he
yet defined the future position of Philip Stan-
ford. Silent and steadily the boy pursued his
usual course of study, seeming to feel no inter-
est in any one around him, nor ever alluding
to his past history, excepting once.

One cold evening, in early May, I heard the
children's voices in the front drawing-room,
and went in. Gilbert and his cousins were
standing in front of a marble bust of a beauti-
ful woman, from which Margaret had just re-
moved the veil which usually covered it. Philip
entered the room from the lawn as I did, and
came towards them.

"My mother," said Margaret to him, in a
low whisper. He silently removed his hat and
stood beside her. Forgetful of our presence,
the lonely dreaming girl stood motionless be-
fore the bust, her hands clasped, her head
slightly bowed, and her deep eyes uplifted with
an eager longing as though they had power to
emerge the living mother, whose marble like-
ness was before her, from the land of darkness
to her side. I have noticed in some faces even
of children, a strange prophecy of suffering. I
saw it in Margaret's now; read as if I had the
gift of second sight, in the pale, earnest face,
a forewarning of sorrow yet to come to her, of
sharp, deadly pain in store for her, such as
the sternest angel sometimes sends upon a
human soul. Why he sends it, we shall know
only in that land where all things are not for-
gotten. But I read in the face no courage or
endurance, no power to resist. I foresaw no
elastic rebound if once the strong spirit was
crushed.

The look had passed as I watched her.
"Philip," said Amy, suddenly, "where is
your mother?" as Gilbert, with a cold criti-
cism on the carving, covered the marble. The
boy started, then turning quickly from the fire
where light fell on his face, and after a mo-
ment's pause, said, quietly,

"She is dead."

"And your father, Philip?" said Gilbert,
quickly.

I felt almost angry with Gilbert for asking
this, it seemed coarse and unfeeling.

"You know," he continued in a light tone,
"we know of nothing about you, but your name."

Philip looked up; he did not shrink from
the light now. His face was a shade paler
than usual, but his eye was clear and steady
as he turned to Margaret, and said, without
even glancing at Gilbert,

"I am a poor boy, Miss Loworth: poorer
than you think; I have nothing to call my
own—not even my name."

Something in his voice caused a silence in
the room. Clear and fearless it rang out, yet
there was in it a depth of untold and keenly
remembered suffering. Gilbert stood, nervous-
ly tapping his foot on the floor; then glancing
out to the dark corridor, suddenly held out his
hand to Philip, saying, in his boyish way,

"Well, Philip, you are a gentleman, at all
events."

"Not what you call one," said the other,
carelessly disregarding the offered hand; and
lifting his own, brown and coarse, he placed it
beside Gilbert's, smiling oddly at the contrast.

Amy laughed.

"Perhaps you are a nobleman in disguise.
Philip you know the song Margaret sings,
'Philip the King.'"

The children laughed with her, and did not
hear their uncle who entered from the corridor.
He seated himself among them, and joined as
he often did in their jests and laughter. After
a while I observed him place his hand on
Philip's head, and throw back the massive hair
from the low, broad forehead, and then glance
carelessly at the firm yet delicately cut lips.

I knew that he was a believer in this new science
of reading characters by the shape of the head,
and wondered what he saw in Philip's to cause
his eyes to soften into so bright and gentle a
smile, and why he hummed softly to himself a
fragment of Margaret's old song, "Philip the
King."

Something in the trifling scene that had passed
had insensibly altered the position of the
boy with the others. Gilbert treated him with
a perhaps exaggerated politeness. Amy, who,
childlike, had what we laughingly used to call
her aristocratic instincts, showed to him more
petulance than before.

I saw no difference in poor shy Margaret until
the party broke up for the night. As Philip
passed he suddenly took his hand in hers
with a smile that made her almost pretty. His
face grew crimson, his lips closed a little more
firmly, then drawing his hand away with a low
that would not have disgraced the haughtiest
head, he left the room. Yet as he passed me,
I saw his whole form tremble convulsively.

A year was gone. The change I had antici-
pated was come at last. Mr. Hairstone was
dying. His strength had failed gradually, but
his mind had given way at once. As the cold
days of the autumn approached he seemed to
rally. He would sit for hours looking out at the
far-off sea—dimly gleaming through the purple
hills—and muttering to himself of men and
scenes of which we knew nothing.

It was at the close of a chill, melancholy day
in October, I had been walking alone in the park,
and came in oppressed by the dark desolate-
ness of the scene without the mournful wail-
ing wind, and the moonless night that was fall-
ing heavily. I entered the library. Mr. Hair-
stone was alone. I saw, I fancied, a change in
him since noon when I had seen him last. He
was crouched, rather than sitting in an im-
mense easy-chair, wrapped in a soft robe of
leopard skins, from amid the folds of which
his pale face and glittering eyes peered strange-
ly out.

"It is cold, Mrs. Courtney," he said, stretch-
ing one withered hand to the fire. "Cold for
October. Where are the children? Cold out
in the forest where I went to-day. Yet I have
walked there in October—and the sun shone
warmly. That was long ago, long ago. I did
not walk alone then, you know, not alone.
Yet it is natural; the young should troop to-
gether in the sunshine, the old creep alone in
the cold. Where are the children?"

Before I could reply the hesitating manner
was gone; he had summoned his failing ener-
gies together.

"Mrs. Courtney—Gilbert! What of him?
You know what I mean. Will he prove a true
man, or has the curse of the Hairstones fallen
on him? The curse of the Hairstones. 'The
weak heart and the falling hand.' You need
not answer me; I know—I know," shaking his
head slowly from side to side, and looking in-
tently in the smoldering ashes.

"Philip has not read to you this morning?"
I said, hoping to divert him.

He caught at the name.

"Philip—Philip—his mother's eyes—
Maud's eyes." The motion of his head ceased,
and he tried to sing with a broken breath an
old song I had never heard before. "Look
there!" he said, suddenly throwing up his
hand. I turned and saw behind me the ebony
casket. "Look," he continued hurriedly,
"read it—read it."

I rose and approached it, with the foolish feel-
ing of dread I always felt near it almost over-
come by the greater terror I now felt, for death
I thought must be near at hand when the slow,
calm mind of the old man wavered so wildly.

"Read it!"

I stooped down, and to my surprise found,
that among the black antique carving upon the
urn were golden Moorish letters dimmed with
age.

"The Power shall be with the Right," he
said, "so it reads, and so it shall be. Do not
touch it," he exclaimed, as I bent more closely
over it. "It has the heart's blood of a mur-
dered man upon it. It brings misery to all
who have not the Right. Call Philip to me."

I turned trembling, only too happy to sum-
mon any one to my relief. As I crossed the
long apartment I heard the sound of stifled
breathing, and a dark figure glided hastily be-
fore me and was lost in the darkness of the
great hall.

"Philip!" I called aloud, my dislike of
him suggesting that he was the intruder—
"Philip!"

He answered from a far-off apartment.—
Still uncertain as to whether the figure had
been his or not, I preceded him into the library.
Mr. Hairstone was leaning back in his chair,
every feature bearing marks of extreme ex-
haustion. His hands, relaxed, hung helpless at
his side. Philip went to him, spoke to him,
clad his forehead and hands, but in vain; the
only sign of consciousness he gave was an im-
patient and constant shake of the head. The
boy stood thoughtful for an instant—then
turning away approached the organ which
stood in the end of the room, and, seating him-
self, touched a few wild notes. I listened in
astonishment as the melody swelled into a
solemn peal which vibrated through the vaulted
ceiling. As the first few notes sounded Mr.
Hairstone looked up startled. Then slowly his
features grew calm, and his eye regained its
light and vigorous glance. These were the
sounds of music, then, which I had heard
night after night issuing from the gallery.

Until now I had never known that Philip pos-
sessed the power which he appeared to have
been in the habit of exercising, like David for
Saul, to drive away the evil spirit from the
mind of the dying man. I remained in silence
listening. He was evidently improvising—nor
could I resist the impression that the story
which the tones bore to the ear was that of a
human soul in a deadly strife with sorrow.

They sank with a wailing moan, then rose
with a fierce cry of exultation, sobbed and sank
fitfully away. Then came a pure, clear tone,
deep and full, rising slowly and steadily
through the discord of complaining, till it ab-
sorbed all the rest, and then dissolved into a
majestic hymn of solemn grandeur. I rose
and silently left the room. As I passed the old
man he smiled and bowed with his old courtly
grace—saying,

"I am better. Philip will remain with me.
I shall tell him all to-night. It is time—now."

My own chamber was one of a long suite im-
mediately above the library. I sat by the
fireplace. A table drawn into the middle of
the floor, on which were paper, pens, and ink,
gave a business-like air to the quaint old room.

"Mr. Crofts!" I said inquiringly, thinking
I recognized Mr. Hairstone's legal adviser. The
thin man bowed formally, and went through
the same salutation to Margaret, who shyly
hid herself in a far-off corner. Amy, whose
grace was nearly forgotten, went up to the black
spectre and, shaking back her cloud of curls,
claimed him as an old acquaintance.

"Ah, my little lady-love, my delicate Ariel!"
he exclaimed, peering through his green spec-
tacles at Amy, and under them at her sister.
Then taking them off, he softly rubbed them
with his coat sleeve, favoring me with a cool,
critical glance from his uncovered eyes. "He
said, charming child, indeed, madam," he said,
slowly dropping the words one by one, as Amy
died away; "her loss is a great one, and ours
also."

I bowed silently, not knowing what else
to do.

"Not," he continued, tapping one hand
with his spectacles, and speaking in a doubtful
tone, "not, however, so great to the public as
it might have been."

He paused for a reply, and went on, receiv-
ing none.

"Our lamented friend was not popular—not
popular, I regret to say. As he should have
been, I mean, as his great talents, his undoubt-
ed talents, Mrs. Courtney, and shrewd judg-
ment should have made him. He had the re-
putation of being—in fact he was considered to
have been—ah, rather isolated in his disposi-
tion—I mean selfish, to use a common word,
madam."

The last sentence was pronounced in rather
an interrogative form; I simply said:

"Mr. Hairstone was a kind friend and lib-
eral patron; farther, I have no means of judg-
ing."

He had he committed to have caused this
fatal end? But conjecture was useless. We
placed the nearly lifeless form on a bed, and
until morning broke used every means to re-
store him to consciousness, but in vain. The
day passed slowly on. The only evidence of
life which he gave, besides his uncertain breath-
ing, was a slow, groping motion of the hand,
as if he still tried to grasp at something which
still escaped him. As evening deepened into
night, and the time of his first attack ap-
proached, he grew calmer, his eyes opened and
looked clearly around. Amy's sob seemed to
disturb him. He looked up into her sister's
pale face, and tried in vain to speak. Gilbert
bent over him with a draught which the phy-
sician had just prepared. The old man's whole
frame trembled in his desperate effort to articu-
late; his hands locked convulsively, but
whether to repel Gilbert or call him to him we
could not tell.

"Uncle," cried Gilbert, with a stifled moan.
Mr. Hairstone's eyes flashed, and an agonized
scream distorted his face, in his desperate ef-
fort to articulate.

"Philip!" at length broke forth in a shrill
scream.

Philip bent over him, his face white and
rigid. Could it be guilt, I thought, that gave
that look to so young a face. With a waver-
ing grasp the old man placed his hands on the
boy's shoulders, and for a moment summoned
all his energies to speak, but his tongue would
not obey his will; his strength was gone; his
hands fell to his side; his eyes glazed, and there
was a deep silence. Then the fearful death-
rattle was heard, a convulsion passed over his
face, and we heard a husky whisper, which
Philip caught and echoed bitterly, of "Lost!
lost!"

Philip laid the gray head softly back on the
pillow. Dead! The long life was over, with
its light and darkness, its countless hopes and
fears and pains, its myriads of longings, ambi-
tions and disappointments, dimly shadowed
forth to human eyes—gone out into the vast
Night, to return no more forever.

The week was over in which the body lay in
state. The open windows admitted the bright
sunlight into every part of the house, from
which a few hours since the slow and sombre
procession had borne the corpse of its master.

I had watched the dark train as it moved
down the park, through the majestic clumps
of forest trees, and then turned to quiet Amy,
whose passionate grief had drawn forth the
sympathy of every one. Morning broadened
into noon; the bustle of the return from the
funeral had reached even our distant apart-
ment. Then, as evening approached, it died
away, leaving the house as silent as ever. I
knew that in a few moments we would be
summoned to hear the reading of the will. I
looked for Margaret. She was sitting alone, as
usual, in her customary crouching attitude,
her head resting on her hand, looking out on
the park, with the deserted, lonely look that
her face always wore. What would I not have
given over to have heard from her lips one
burst of hoarse, childish laughter! But the
child's infancy even had been a sorrowful,
featureless one. The relative to whom her mo-
ther, when dying, had confided her, was a
stern, high tempered woman, and during the
latter years of her life Margaret had nursed
her faithfully and uncomplainingly, galling,
as a reward, only harsh words and bitter re-
proaches. She had grown old before her time.
She looked out on the world even at her age
with a half-defiant, half-imporing gaze. Had
she possessed a strong, self-reliant nature, I
would not have dreaded the future for her,
but she had no strength in herself; she looked
around always for some human love to lean on,
and failing to find it fell back hopeless and
humbled.

A servant summoned me to the library. The
time had come, then; so, smoothing the hair
from the child's face, I led her down stairs.
We entered the room, and found it occupied
by a tall, thin man, in black, standing by the
fireplace. A table drawn into the middle of
the floor, on which were paper, pens, and ink,
gave a business-like air to the quaint old room.

"Mr. Crofts!" I said inquiringly, thinking
I recognized Mr. Hairstone's legal adviser. The
thin man bowed formally, and went through
the same salutation to Margaret, who shyly
hid herself in a far-off corner. Amy, whose
grace was nearly forgotten, went up to the black
spectre and, shaking back her cloud of curls,
claimed him as an old acquaintance.

"Ah, my little lady-love, my delicate Ariel!"
he exclaimed, peering through his green spec-
tacles at Amy, and under them at her sister.
Then taking them off, he softly rubbed them
with his coat sleeve, favoring me with a cool,
critical glance from his uncovered eyes. "He
said, charming child, indeed, madam," he said,
slowly dropping the words one by one, as Amy
died away; "her loss is a great one, and ours
also."

I bowed silently, not knowing what else
to do.

"Not," he continued, tapping one hand
with his spectacles, and speaking in a doubtful
tone, "not, however, so great to the public as
it might have been."

He paused for a reply, and went on, receiv-
ing none.

"Our lamented friend was not popular—not
popular, I regret to say. As he should have
been, I mean, as his great talents, his undoubt-
ed talents, Mrs. Courtney, and shrewd judg-
ment should have made him. He had the re-
putation of being—in fact he was considered to
have been—ah, rather isolated in his disposi-
tion—I mean selfish, to use a common word,
madam."

The last sentence was pronounced in rather
an interrogative form; I simply said:

"Mr. Hairstone was a kind friend and lib-
eral patron; farther, I have no means of judg-
ing."

"Ah, truly I agree with you, madam, en-
tirely, entirely; and our young friend, Gilbert
Hairstone—he whom the public have so long
denominated the heir; does he, too, inherit
his uncle's open, generous temperament?"

I felt a little irritated at the ironical tone in
which he spoke, and passed a moment before
replying. Then, disregarding the direct ques-
tion, said:

"Gilbert is, I believe, generally considered

his uncle's heir. You doubtless, sir, having
held the will in your possession for some time,
are entirely informed on that point."

"Certainly, madam, accurately; as soon as
the heirs assemble my knowledge will no longer
be my own. Ah, there is Gilbert now, with
his cousin Margaret. A youthful attachment
there, madam? Of course, only a childish
friendship, as you say—very natural, very
proper. Ah!" his spectacles were on again;

"a fine, manly boy, Gilbert. Master Stan-
ford, I presume?" stepping rapidly forward to
shake hands with Philip, and then falling back
to his position near me, and summing his man-
nons, low tone, glancing from time to time
at the shadowed corner where Gilbert's fair
face and tall, slight figure were almost conceal-
ed, and then at the open casement at the dark,
sturdy form of Philip, who stood with folded
arms and bent head.

"Young Stamford is a relative of Mr. Hair-
stone's? You do not know?"

He stopped baffled.

"I would have thought so, from the drop of
the eyelids—a peculiar trait that—yet the eyes,
singular expression there—not the Hairstone
eyes."

It was my turn to question now. "Mr. Hair-
stone was reputed to be possessed of great
wealth. Were the reports exaggerated?"

"Slightly so, madam. His property was
principally in consols. Upon the hall, you
are aware, and the estate of Clintwood, he had
no claim."

"That descends intact to the heirs of the
eldest brother, George Hairstone, if any ever
appear to claim it."

"Precisely, madam, you fully understand
the case, I perceive. Should none appear be-
fore the majority of Gilbert Hairstone, he en-
ters, on coming of age, into the full possession
of the estate."

"For whom are we waiting?" said Gilbert,
in a slightly authoritative tone, which I had
never heard him use before.

"For the witnesses of the will," replied Mr.
Crofts, dryly.

Wit and Humor.

"EXCELSIOR."

RENDERED INTO PLAIN ENGLISH.

The shadows of night were coming down swift,
And the dawning snow lay drift on drift,
As thro' a village youth did go,
A carryin' a bag with this motto—

Higher!

O'er a forehead high curled copious hair,
His nose a Roman, complexion fair,
O'er an eagle eye an auburn lock,
And he never stopped shouting 'thru' his mouth—

Higher!

He saw thro' the window as he kept gettin' upper
A number of families sittin' at supper,
But he eyed the slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a footin'—

Higher!

"Take care, you there!" said an old woman,
"stop!"

It's blowin' gales up there on top—

You'll tumble off on 'other side!"

But the carryin' stranger loud replied,

Higher!

"Oh! don't you go up such a shocking night,
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright.
On his Roman nose a tear-drop came,
But still he remarked, as he upward clomb,

Higher!

"Look out for the branch of that sycamore tree,
Dodge rollin' stones, if any you see!"
Sayin' which, the farmer went home to bed,
And the singular voice replied overhead,

Higher!

About quarter past six the next afternoon,

A man accidentally got up, soon

Heard spoken above him as often as twice,

The very same word in a very weak voice,

Higher!

And not far, I believe, from quarter to seven—
He was slow gettin' up, and the road belin' uneven,
Found the stranger dead in the drifted snow,
Still clutchin' the bag with the motto—

Higher!

Yes, lifeless, defunct, without any doubt,

The lamp of his being decidedly out,

On the dreary hillside the youth was layin',

And there was no more use for him to be sayin'—

Higher!

MAKING AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Not many
years ago, a young man at a seminary in one
of the New England States, was found guilty
of disobeying the rules of the school, as he had
actually walked with a young lady, contrary to
orders previously given, and perfectly well under-
stood!

Mr. Edwards (as we will call him) was ac-
cordingly called upon to make acknowledg-
ments before the school, or be expelled.—
Whereupon, the said Mr. Edwards arose, and
said:—

"I prefer by all means making an acknowl-
edgment, to being expelled from school; and
I acknowledge that I walked with the lady men-
tioned, and with my umbrella protected her
from the storm! I also acknowledge that had
I not done so, she might have taken cold, and
a serious illness, or perhaps a consumption,
might have been the result, in which case I
should have blamed myself, and my teachers
knowing the circumstances, might also have
blamed me."

The student resumed his seat with about as
strong evidence of contrition in his countenance
as was in the confession, and when a proper
opportunity occurred, he inquired of one of
the teachers how near a young lady a gentle-
man could walk, and not break the rules of the
school.

"Well," said the teacher, "walking a dis-
tance of six feet from a lady would not be
considered an infringement of our regula-
tions."

Soon after, Mr. Edwards was seen walking
loosely on the common, with a lady, he hav-
ing hold of one end of a light pole, measuring
six feet in length, while his lady had hold of
the other end!

As they carried about the stick (which in
fact was no impediment to their enjoyment),
they chatted and walked and laughed, and
walked and laughed and chatted to their hearts'
content, but Mr. Edwards was never called upon
to make but one acknowledgment.—*(Live
Branch.)*

A SHORT METRIC PRAYER.—We heard of an old
Deacon, (says the Christian Witness,) who, on
being asked by his pastor to close a meeting
with a short prayer, replied, "I am very willing
to pray, but don't like to be stunted." The
minister mentioned below must have belonged
to the same family, we judge, for he had a
similar aversion to being stunted in his com-
munion with God. The story has a good moral.
The Rev. Mr. Derwell, a pious and curious old
Methodist minister, went from Tennessee to
Kentucky, in 1812, to visit his relative, the Hon.
Wm. Bolton. The man was not a religious
man; but was a gentleman, and invited the
minister to have family worship every evening.
While he was visiting there, Judge Cone and
his wife, from Nashville, arrived there to pass
the night, and Mr. Bolton, being a little em-
barrassed, said to the old minister, as he
brought out the Bible, that he had better be
short, as the Judge was probably not accus-
tomed to such things.

"Very well, very well," said he, and reading
a single verse, he knelt down and prayed:
"Oh, Lord, we are very poor and needy crea-
tures, and we know that Thou art able to sup-
ply all our wants, but Cousin William says
that Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville,
are here, and are not used to family worship,
and however needy we are, there is no time to
spare in telling them our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all a-back, and so was
Cousin William. They both pressed the old
gentleman to conduct the service in his own
way, which he did, to their great edification.

Though you cannot have your cake
and eat it, you may have whiskey after it has
been drunk. A spirit merchant in Dublin an-
nounced in an Irish paper that he had still a
small quantity of the whiskey on hand which
was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.



A DISCREET (?) friend having presented Master Tom with a tool-box as a New Year's gift—the furniture is put into thorough repair.

Agricultural.

TWO HUNDRED BUSHELS OF CORN PER ACRE.

It has been published—and so far as we can
see, duly certified—that Dr. J. W. Parker, of
Columbia, S. C., grew in 1855, upon his farm,
near that town, two hundred bushels and twelve
quarts upon one measured acre of ground, and
one hundred and sixteen bushels and six
quarts upon another acre. In the report to the
State Agricultural Society, Dr. Parker states
that the seed selected for planting was from
North Carolina, and denominated "Bale Mount-
ain Corn." After soaking it during the night
in a strong solution of nitre, it was planted
from eight to twelve inches distance in the row,
covered with hoes, and the ground rolled, leav-
ing it perfectly level. The land was the border
of a small creek, under-drained, and manured
in December with twenty-five two-horse loads
of cow-horse manure, ploughed in and followed
by a sub-soil plough drawn by two mules. About
the first of March another coat of good stable
and cow manure was spread and ploughed in as
the first. Early in April three carts load of air-
slacked lime and two sacks of salt were spread
over each acre and lightly ploughed under. On
the 14th of May the ground was thoroughly
ploughed with Glase's large iron plough, harrowed
level and laid off thirty inches apart with a
shovel plough. Gesso and plaster were sprinkled
in the furrows, near two hundred pounds of the
former and three hundred pounds of the latter
to each acre.

On the 14th of May the corn was ploughed with
along, very narrow plough, and dressed over with
hoses. On the 5th and 17th June the same work
was repeated, each time leaving the ground
level. About the first of July it was necessary
to draw a ridge about the roots of the corn to
prevent its falling. During a protracted drought
acre No. 1 was twice irrigated, and acre No. 2
had the water turned on it once.

The yield of acre No. 1, as before stated, ex-
ceeded two hundred bushels. No. 2 was part
of it replanted, which the committee say
prevented the yield being as large as the
other.

True, this crop cost labor and manure, but
does it not pay better than the tens of thou-
sands of acres that do not yield ten bushels
per acre, for such are as common as blackber-
ries all over the Southern States. The land
used being "sandhill brushland," required the
high manuring, as it is not naturally fertile
enough to produce such crops. The secret,
however, is in the under-draining, the frequent
ploughing and sub-soiling, and irrigation.—*(New
England Farmer.)*

TO DESTROY MICE.—During the year 1854,
and to a certain degree also in the preceding
and succeeding years, the forest of Dean and
the New Forest in England were visited with
an enormous number of mice. They appeared
in all parts, but particularly in Haywood en-
closure, destroying a very large proportion of
the young trees, so much so that only four or
five plants to an acre were found uninjured by
them.

The roots of five year old oaks and chestnuts
were generally eaten through just below the
surface of the ground, or wherever their runs
proceeded. Sometimes they were found to
have harked the young hollies round the bot-
tom, or were seen feeding on the bark of the
upper branches. These mice were of two
kinds, the common long-tailed field-mouse and
the short-tailed. There were about fifty of
these latter sort to one of the former. The
long-tailed mice had all white breasts, and
the tail was about the same length as the
body.

These were generally caught on the wet
greens in the forest, and the short-tailed were
caught both on the wet and dry grounds. A
variety of means were resorted to for their de-
struction, such as cats, poisons and traps, but
with little success. At last, a miner living on
Ridge Hills, named Simmons, came forward and
said that he had often, when sinking wells or
pits, found mice fallen in and dead, in conse-
quence of their endeavors to extricate them-
selves, and he had little doubt that the same
plan would succeed in the forest.

It was tried, and holes were dug over the
enclosures about two feet deep, the same size
across, and rather hollowed out at the bottom,
and at the distance of about twenty yards apart,
into which the mice fell, and were unable to
get out again. Simmons and others were em-
ployed, and paid by the number of tails brought

in, which amounted, in the whole, to more than
100,000.

In addition to this, it may be mentioned that
polecats, kites, hawks and owls visited the
holes regularly, and preyed upon the mice
caught in them; and a small owl, called by
Pennant, *Scotus passerini*, never known in the
Forest before or since, appeared at that time,
and was particularly active in their destruction.
The mice in the holes also ate each
other.

CHEAP HOT-BEDS.—The time is pretty near at
hand for this work again. How many there
are who neglect this useful adjunct to a coun-
try home. "Too far away from town—can't
get glass," says one—"can't afford it," says
another. Very well, here is something cheap
enough, and easy enough; yet it will do, we
feel very certain. It is from a correspondent of
the Valley Farmer:

"My frames are about six feet wide, by six-
teen feet long, or just wide enough so that two
widths of domestic will cover it, which are
sewed together. Have crosses on top, just
the same as for glass, say every four feet one
cross-tie, to hold the frames secure, and keep
up the canvas, which is tacked to one by
three stuff the length of the frames, the same
being a little wider than the frames and allow-
ed to hang over all round. I wished to enlarge
my forcing-beds last winter, and happened to
try canvas. I prefer it to glass, being cheaper,
and easier to handle, and does not break so
readily. I shall still enlarge this winter. I
give air by raising the lower edge; but it would
be better to give air at the upper edge, which I
shall try this winter. I did not commence my
beds last season until the last of February, but
this year I shall commence in January, and be-
lieve, by letting the air out at the top, I can
start just as early as I could with glass, and
have my plants as hardy, and with less atten-
tion, than to have glass. I put the oil on the
domestic cold; perhaps it might be better to
put it on warm. I will try it this season, as I
think it will go further; but cold will do. I
used linseed oil, and put it on with a paint
brush."

March would be quite early enough for north-
ern latitudes. Only fancy what a lot of plants
of cabbage, tomato, &c., such a frame would
furnish.

CABBAGE FOR CATTLE.—The Worcester Pal-
ladium recommends cabbages for cattle as
easier raised than roots, and quite as good. For
milk cows they work wonders; and the loose
leaves may be advantageously plucked to be
fed in fall and early winter. In planting,
in hoeing, and in gathering, cabbages require less
labor than carrots. Of the comparative value
of the crops, we are not aware. Raising a
patch of cabbages for the cows, however, would
"pay" almost any farmer. They have a fine
effect upon the quality and quantity of milk.

BEST AGE OF SHEEP FOR MUTTON.—A late Eng-
lish writer, in remarking on this subject, says:
—"A sheep to be in high order for the palate
of the epicure, should not be killed earlier than
when five years old, at which age the mutton
will be rich and succulent, of a dark color, and
full of the richest gravy; whereas if only two
years old, it is flabby, pale and flavorless."

CURE FOR SCRATCHES ON HORSES' FEET.—First
wash them clean with castile soap and water—
then apply white lead and linseed oil, rubbing
it thoroughly in with a brush. One application
will commonly effect a cure, but in bad cases
two may be necessary.—*(Country Gentleman.)*

GARDEN IN CUPS.—Take one quart corn-meal,
and six quarts soft water; soak for one hour,
stirring occasionally; wash the under three
times a day, rubbing well with the hand
or a soft cloth. I have never known it to fail
in twenty years.—*(Country Gentleman.)*

THE NEW BORN AND THE DEAD.—Lavaire, in
his "Physiognomy," makes the following
curious remarks: "I have had occasion to
observe some infants, immediately on their
births, and have found an astonishing resem-
blance between their profile and that of their
father. A few days after, this resemblance almost
entirely disappeared; the influence of the air
and food, and probably the change of posture,
has so altered the design of the face, that you
could have believed it a different individual. I
afterwards saw two of these children die, the
one at six weeks, and the other at four years of
age—and about twelve hours after their death
they completely recovered the profile which
had struck me so much at their birth; only
the profile of the dead child was, as might be
expected, more strongly marked, and more
terse than that of the living."

CURE OF RUMOR COWS.—An agricultural pa-
per thus gives a milkman's experience:—"If
a cow gets in the habit of starting off, I hold on
to the teats as hard as I can, which soon cures
her of that caper."

ANSWERS.—Prof. Jacob Grimm relates the
following anecdote:—

"Not long ago, a little girl of about eight
years old, apparently belonging to a good fam-
ily, rings at the door of Dr. Grimm, and tells
the servant that she wishes to speak to the
'Herr Professor.' Thinking that the little one
had to deliver a message, the servant shows
her into the study of the Professor, who
receives her kindly, and asks after her errand.
The child looks at him with earnest eyes, and
says, 'Is it thou who hast written those fine
Marchen?' (fairy tales.) 'Yes, my dear,' an-
swers Dr. Grimm, 'my brother and I have
written the Hans Marchen.' 'Then thou hast
also written the tale of the clever little tailor,
where it is said at the end, who will not believe
it must pay a thaler?' 'Yes, I have written
that, too.' 'Well, then, I do not believe it,
and so I suppose I have to pay a thaler; but as
I have not so much money now, I'll give thee
a groschen on account, and pay the rest by-
and-by.' The answer, as may be imagined, was
not a little surprised and amused. He inquired
after the name of his conscientious little
reader, and took care that she reached her
home safely."

CONSOLATION FOR THE MILLION.—My fair young
reader, if you are not so perfect a beauty as
poor little Lindamira, Queen of the Ball; if, at
the end of it, as you retire to bed, you meekly
own that you have had but two or three part-
ners, whilst Lindamira has had a crowd round
her all night—console yourself with thinking
that, at fifty, you will look as kind and plea-
sant as you appear now at eighteen. You will
not have to lay down your coach and six of
beauty and see another step into it, and walk
yourself through the rest of your life. You
will have to forego no long-accustomed homage,
you will not witness and own the depreciation
of your smiles. You will not see fashion for-
sake your quarter; and remain, all dust, gloom,
colic, within your once splendid saloons,
and placards in your and windows, gaunt, lone-
ly and to let. You may not have known any
grandeur, but you won't feel any desertion.
You will not have enjoyed millions, but you
will have escaped bankruptcy.—*(Thackeray.)*

Pride is as cruel a beggar as want, and
a great deal more saucy. When you have
bought one thing you must buy ten or more
that your appearance may be all of a piece. It
is easier to suppress the first desire than to
satisfy all that follow it.—*(Franklin.)*

Useful Receipts.

A HANDY COVER FOR THE FLOUR BARREL.—
Housekeepers generally cover their barrel of
four with a cloth loosely thrown over the top,
for protection from dust, &c., consequently it
is always coming off, and mice are not kept out
of the barrel. To prevent this annoyance,
take the top hoop, after the head of the barrel
is removed, and sew in white cloth; it makes
a nice, convenient, and firm cover, thus pro-
tecting the flour from dirt and vermin.—*(Rural
New Yorker.)*

TO CLEAN SADDLES.—Deer's suet is the best
thing to put on saddles, taking care to use lit-
tle, and to rub it on often, as it does not
grease, but gives a gloss, and keeps out the
wet. This is what the best kind of leather is
finished with. Rain does harm to saddles; but
this cannot be avoided; and unnecessary
sponging them (which is habitual with some
grooms) every time they are used, is equally
injurious. The splashes may be taken off with
very little water. For brown harness, the com-
mon yellow soap is good, if used often, and in
small quantity, and well rubbed off.—*(London
Field.)*

CURRENT AND TOMATO VINEGAR.—I wish to tell
you how and of what I make vinegar. Last
year, for trial, I took 14 lbs. of currants, washed
them as for wine, put them into a tub, and put
two or three pails of water to them. Then let
them stand several days, stirring it two or three
times a day. After standing so several days, I
strained or pressed it, and with molasses
enough to make it as sweet as new cider, I had
10 gallons. I put it into a keg, and did not
open it till December, when I found it to be as
good vinegar as was ever made.

I use the pomace of the currant and grape
for vinegar. After getting out the juice for
wine, put the pomace back into the tub, and
put water to it; stir it up, and jam it up; let it
stand, if it sours in the tub, as well as if
after pressing out the juice. Then I sweeten it
till it tastes about like good apple juice just
from the press.

Last summer I saw a recipe for making to-
mato wine. The writer remarked what a bless-
ing it would be to the west if vinegar could be
made from them. I knew that any fruit or
berry that would make wine, would make vine-
gar. I tried a little for wine and vinegar. I
made but a few gallons for vinegar, and let it
stand in an open cask, and it is now good vine-
gar. Do not forget the sweetening. After this
had stood a few weeks, I thought it was
not sweet enough, so I sweetened it more. I
also use the lees of my wine for vinegar; put
water to it, stir it, and break it up well; judge
by the taste when you get water enough in. I
do not leave but little of the wine taste; some-
times I sweeten it more. Put the muddy look-
ing stuff into a barrel; it will settle clear, and
make as good vinegar as cider.

The 10 gallons of vinegar that I made from
14 lbs. currants, ought to have been increased
to 12—it was too strong. The vinegar I make
from the pomace and lees, more than pays the
manufacture of the wine.—*(Country Gentleman.)*

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two ounces of com-
mon soda, one of pumice-stone, and one of
finely-powdered chalk; sift them through a
fine sieve, and mix them with water; then rub
the mixture well all over the marble, and the
stains will be moved; now wash the marble
over with soap and water, and it will be as
clean as it was previous to its being stained.
Sometimes the marble is stained yellow with
iron-rust; this can be removed with lemon-
juice.

CURE OF RUMOR COWS.—An agricultural pa-
per thus gives a milkman's experience:—"If
a cow gets in the habit of starting off, I hold on
to the teats as hard as I can, which soon cures
her of that caper."

The Riddler.

CONGRESSIONAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 25 letters.
My 8, 11, 14, 20, is a Representative from New
York.
My 2, 23, 17, 25, 19, 11, is a Representative from
Ohio.
My 5, 10, 20, 9, 6, 21, is a Representative from
Connecticut.
My 13, 21, 10, 23, 7, 20, is a Representative from
New Jersey.
My 22, 14, 9, 17, 3, is a Representative from
Alabama.
My 2, 12, 18, 25, is a Representative from
Georgia.
My 10, 21, 24, 3, is a Representative from Penn-
sylvania.
My 15, 8, 11, 4, 16, is a Representative from North
Carolina.
My whole is a great convenience to the people
of the United States. MACKENZIE.
Warren, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY W. LANAHAN M.

I.

My first is an animal, gentle and kind,
An animal ready and willing to mind.
He lies at our door and he watches with care,
And was to the burglar who then ventures there.

II.

When the winds of the winter blow chilling and
cold,
And folks are in blankets and overcoats rolled,
On the fire my second is frequently cast,
To drive from our houses the chill of the blast.

III.

My whole is oft seen in the forest and field,
Of flowers it offers a glorious yield;
But alas for the odor they give!—at the best
It is not very pleasant, you'll own when you've
guessed.
Tiffin, Ohio.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Nine letters and syllables, one more than three,
If you put it in right order my name you will see.
My 7, 2 and 3 will recall to your mind
An old priest whose name in the Bible you'll find.
My 9, 7, 5, 8, on a fine summer's day,
Will make itself felt as you trudge on your way.
Then if weary and tired your strength would
revive,

I advise for you strongly my 8, 1 and 5.
But some there may be who would turn this to
fun,
And the preference give to my 5, 2 and 1;
My 8, 5, 6, 2, 7, has attraction for most,
And few of us like to be missed from the Post.
If ingenious and true you will surely despise
My 2, 3 and 7, for to do so is wise.
My 7, 5 and 8, we must do, you and I,
When you read me this riddle you soon will see
why;

Though my 8, 3 and 7, you will fail to untie—
Saying which for the present I bid you good-by.
Naples, Scotts Co., Ills. J. SIMMONS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A circular belt as ancient as time,
In which the planets all are found;
You'll first transpose, erase the O's,
And then a city you'll disclose,
Which stands upon European ground.

SHYLOCK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A circular belt as ancient as time,
In which the planets all are found;
You'll first transpose, erase the O's,
And then a city you'll disclose,
Which stands upon European ground.

SHYLOCK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman has an equilateral garden, each
side of which measures 600 feet. Somewhere within
this garden there stands a tower, perpendicular to
the horizon. Now a line extending from the first
corner of the garden to the top of the tower mea-
sures 300 feet; a line extending from the second
corner of the garden to the top of the tower mea-
sures 400 feet, and a line reaching from the third
corner of the garden to the top of the tower mea-
sures 500 feet. I would like to know the height of
this tower, and the distance of its base from each
corner of the garden.
An answer is requested.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which when found in wedlock
is single, yet in widowhood always becomes
double? Ans.—The letter O.
Why must the letter R be always in confu-
sion? Ans.—Because it is in the midst of a
baby's rind.
Why is the letter N like a faithless lover?
Ans.—Because it's inconstant.
What is the nearest thing to a cat looking
out of a window? Ans.—The window.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
A hoop for the barrel of a gun.
A plant raised from the seed of virtue.
A coffin for a dead wall.
Spectacles for the eyes of a mole.
A handle for a blade of grass.
A pencil used by a horse in drawing a cart.
Francesville, Ind. R. E. S.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—As snow in sum-
mer, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly
for a fool. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Foun-
tain of the Cybels, Madrid, Spain. MISCELLA-
NEOUS ENIGMA.—The American Treaty of Japan.
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The human heart.
CHARADE.—Friendship. RIDDLE.—
Learning. CHARADE.—A tea pot. ARITHME-
TICAL QUESTION.—83 20.52.

AN ACCOMPLISHED COQUET.—A story is
told of one of the Lieutenant-Governors of
Agra, who took much interest in native In-
dian schools. One day he was examining a
remarkably clever protegee before some friends.
After several other questions, he asked the
boy, "What makes the earth go round the
sun?" and was told, "The earth revolves by
the force of your Highness."

We always like those who admire us,
but we do not always like those whom we ad-
mire.—*(Rockefordian.)*